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WHEN DEPUTIES FALL OUT: THE FRACAS IN THE HUNGARIAN DIET, BUDAPEST.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIUS TELF.

On December 13 the Hungarian Opposition were left to themselves by the Ministry, who did not put in an appearance in the Chamber. Lacking constitutional opponents, they accordingly fell upon the President and the Parliamentary Guard, and a free fight took place. During the course of the disturbance the Chamber was wrecked, and Deputies attached their cards to the broken furniture.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

In the new number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* (a remarkable sixpennyworth) there is an article by John Burns, *Ædile*, on the Strand, and its rescue from deformity by the London County Council. Three centuries ago, he says, it was "a row of gorgeous palaces, bishops' houses, royal demesnes, and ducal hereditaments—externally picturesque, internally as pleasant as their occupants were hospitable." Thirty years ago, when I lived in it, the Strand was a channel of depraved ugliness (I mean the buildings, not the inhabitants), cheered by the gaiety of third-rate eating-houses. It was impossible to feel a reputable citizen unless you dwelt (as I did) under the baronial shadow of old Northumberland House, or took a cut off the joint at Simpson's, or gazed at Temple Bar, wondering why 'it was not decorated with the heads of traitors to the commonweal, say the owners of insanitary house property, and the slothful *ædiles* of the period. When Temple Bar was pulled down, and the Griffin erected in its stead, how we girded at this symbol of civic dignity! It has survived many sparkling jests, and grown venerable; and I foresee a time when it will be defended against iconoclasts with no reverence for age, who will cry: "Down with it! Why cumbereth it the ground?"

Deferentially clinging to the ducal hereditament of Northumberland was Northumberland Court; not at all the sort of Court you blazon on your notepaper now; but a little flagged alley, approached through an archway and an iron gate, and flanked by humble dwellings, which tested the salubrity of the air by rather forlorn boxes of mignonette on the window-sills. I have often wondered since what was the matter with the air. Why was there for months an unrelenting odour of burnt soot? Why did a youthful lodger awake every morning with a headache that was not due to overstudy? A cynical friend, who sniffed the offending air, and dismissed the burnt soot as imaginary, muttered the odious word "*Bilious!*" and dwelt upon the youthful indiscretion of eating pastry for lunch. Pooh! that wasn't the mischief. It was subtle, æsthetic: the ducal hereditament, upon the picturesque exterior of which I was, so to speak, a limpet, made me sensitive to the squalid incongruities which had grown up in the Strand since the days when Princes, Dukes, and Bishops were so hospitable there. I felt that I ought to have attended the coronation of Queen Elizabeth; after which a ducal or episcopal magnate would have said to me, "Marry come up! let us to dinner."

Even the London County Council cannot revive that golden age. Mr. John Burns tells us he has dreamed of making the Strand ideal—"a Strand 150 feet wide from Northumberland Avenue to Somerset House, with nothing between the north side and the Embankment; with terraced gardens in three tiers dropping to the river." Half a century ago, he says, this might have been done "for no greater cost than is now being expended on the Holborn-to-Strand Improvement." But who was in the humour fifty years back for spending five millions on the mere beauty of London? We lost that ideal centuries ago, and are just beginning to recover it. The Strand to-day is the deformed transformed, though we shall never see those terrace gardens; and it needs already a prodigious effort of visual memory to picture this street as it was in the days of its meanness. Our *Ædile* reviews the new buildings, which are not entirely palaces of art; but think what they might have been! To have an immense hotel not like a factory or a railway-station is an escape for which we cannot be too grateful. Mr. W. D. Howells, coming from a city where the ideal of grace in architecture is something twenty storeys high, cannot take an omnibus down the Strand without a lyrical gladness.

Mr. Howells, pursuing his studies of us in a new light, finds that "the English are very polite, far politer than they have been represented to be." This will be news for some of our essayists, who are always lamenting the barbaric rudeness of the Englishman. One of them asks us to picture the Italian entering a drawing-room, and bowing gracefully over the lily hand of his hostess. "No Englishman would do that!" cries the accuser. "He despises it." Does he? "It is not that they are insensible of their defects," remarks Mr. Howells of the English; "they tell themselves of them in clamorous tones. From time to time they will, say, accuse themselves of being insular; and then, suddenly, they invite themselves to be Continental, to be French, to be German, to be Italian, to be Bulgarian, or whatever; and for awhile they believe that they have become so." Instead of despising the polish of other nations, we humbly seek to acquire it; we practise it in secret, and produce it after a while with an air of having been Italian or Bulgarian all our lives. That fashion of shaking a lady's hand on a level with the top of her head—what was it but an effort to recall the vanished grace of the minuet, in which the

cavalier held his partner's hand at that graceful angle? We have relapsed, alas! into what the French call "le shake-hands," a ceremony which consists of seizing each other by the hand as if it were a bundle. But do you think we shall rest content with that?

We are a shy people; and no man likes to display some rather novel accomplishment, unless he feels sure that others will back him up. At this moment, I have no doubt, the secret practice of Italian graces has been so thorough that large numbers of men are competent to bend over the hostess's lily hand, and even kiss it, with faultless address. They are just waiting for somebody to give them a lead. When you go to a Christmas party, look in the eyes of the perfect stranger who is delivering his hat and coat to the servitor as you arrive. He will meet you with a questioning glance, which means: "If you'll do it, so will I." Do it, my friend, for goodness' sake! When you enter the drawing-room, take the lily hand, and raise it to your lips, making that admirable curve in your back which you have practised so earnestly. Other guests, watching this performance, will do the same thing as if they had never done anything else all their lives; and, hey presto! a fashion will be set, and your name will be connected with it in the "society and personal" gossip of the newspapers. Yes, it is to shyness, not to pride, that the stiffness of our manners is due; and whenever we break into loud lament for our insular haughtiness, and penitentially cut ourselves with the knives of sarcasm and flagellate our backs with whips of scorn, you may be sure that, as Mr. Howells has acutely noticed, we are on the point of borrowing some refinement from our gracious neighbours.

I read in a French paper the sad plaint of a Parisian who has bowed over the lily hands of hostesses to his own undoing. He is speaking of the New Year, which is the great festival of gifts in Paris. "It is for this," he says, "that I have been asked to dine so often at houses which my social position compels me to frequent. They are the homes of wealthy people, and I am poor. Do these charming hostesses invite me for the sake of my beautiful eyes, or out of boundless kindness of heart? Not at all. They are thinking of the presents I shall have to give them at the New Year; the flowers and the bonbons, which will cost me so much that I shall be on short commons for many weeks. Yes, I assure you that for at least two months I shall not smoke a cigar or take a cab. The salons of these gracious ladies will be stuffed with blooms and sweetmeats until they have to make room by giving some of the presents away; so that when I walk into a drawing-room I may see there a bonbon-box I sent elsewhere."

This reminds me of the exceeding bitter cry of a poor young man some time ago on the subject of wedding gifts. "I am asked to endless weddings," he said, "solely for what the happy but grasping pair can get out of me! I have seen the blue eyes of a rather nice girl gleam like the eyes of a bird of prey when she said that people were so stingy now with wedding presents, and that if anybody dared to send her the brass inkstand which cost a guinea she would pack it back. She knew I had given brass inkstands to three of her dearest friends; and she was determined to put an end to the practice by which alone I had escaped destitution! It is my firm belief that people marry nowadays simply to fleece every man who has the misfortune to know them." Every country, you see, has its charming customs, which are not quite so charming when they are looked into. I expect desponding letters from Italy and Bulgaria. The honorary secretary of the Society for the Abolition of Christmas Boxes has written to me in forcible terms. "For years," he says, "the members of this Society have manfully withstood the avarice of postmen, light porters, butcher-boys, of everybody, in short, who rings the front-door bell on Boxing Day. But funds are badly needed."

I was curious to know why such a Society should need funds. The reason is impressive. "Our members cannot escape this persecution, which exhausts their physical strength, and especially their moral nerve, unless they can fly from town. But whither? Nowhere in the British Isles; for even in the fastnesses of the Orkneys the postman looks for bawbees. Our members must go abroad; they prefer the Riviera; they want to feel, as they are whisked along the P.L.M. Railway at a mile a minute, that they are secure from the butcher-boy's pursuit. But this costs money. May I beg you to exercise your influence—I omit some compliments to my influence—to obtain subscriptions from a generous public?" Perhaps the safest place for the Society is Bacon's island of New Atlantis, where there are no "tips." As Mr. Sidney Lee reminds us in his essay on Bacon in "*Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*," the servants there "deemed it dishonour to be twice paid for their labours—by their employers and by their employers' guests."

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

The interest in the war is at the present time almost wholly centred around Port Arthur. There it seems that the Japanese, having accomplished their main object, the destruction of the fleet, are not in the least likely to continue to lose men by further assaults, but will confine their efforts to drawing closer the lines of their blockade while they break down the defence by bombardment. Dispatches from General Stoessel, which were sent to Chifu in a sailing-vessel and have been published in St. Petersburg, confirm in all the main details the reports which have already been received from Japanese sources. There is hardly any difference at all in the official reports of the capture of 203-Mètre Hill, although General Stoessel calls it by another name. It is quite evident that "the bloodiest days" in the assault occurred during the week in which 203-Mètre Hill was captured. It can well be understood from the respective accounts that the courage and endurance displayed both by besiegers and besieged have been something almost incredible. Although General Stoessel does not say so in so many words, he practically admits that the Japanese are now able to cover the whole of the place with their fire, and that there is hardly a building in the town which has not been more or less damaged. The same may be said of the ships, the *Sevastopol* being the only large vessel which escaped outside the harbour, where she has since been torpedoed and beached. It is an ominous circumstance that the Russian General has been obliged to ask the Japanese, in order to ensure the safety of the wounded, to spare the whole of the new town and the north-west of the old town. Of course such a concession could not be made by the besiegers, who, however, have expressed their willingness to spare the hospitals if those places are clearly defined.

It is important to remember that the value of Port Arthur lay entirely in the protection which it afforded to the fleet. That fleet no longer exists: and yet the Russians, we are told, contemplate the dispatch of another division to the Far East. And this Third Division, it is said, is to be ready to leave for its destination before the end of January. Admiral Birileff has gone, we are told, to Libau for the purpose of organising the division, but there is no authentic information as to its composition. Of new ships, with the possible exception of the *Slava*, it can hardly be formed, though there are enough auxiliary cruisers and torpedo-craft to form a squadron. The condition of Port Arthur, however, has once more raised the question whether the Russian Government would not be well advised, even at this date, to recall the vessels already dispatched. Their point of concentration is, it is stated, Diego Suarez, in the Indian Ocean, which might equally well serve as a port from which to take their departure for home as for a further adventure eastward.

"MAN-MAKING" AT LAINDON.

(See Page of Illustrations.)

At their own request about four months ago, one hundred men were taken from the Poplar Workhouse and transferred to a labour farm colony at Laindon, in Essex, where they were employed on the land. Owing to the peculiar state of the law, during the whole of this period not one penny has been received by way of wages. And remarkable as it may seem, although these labourers, who are deemed unworthy of hire, were at liberty to throw down their tools at any moment, they have almost without exception chosen to continue the hard life of hus'andry in preference to the lounging lot that would have befallen them as "able-bodied inmates." Surely here, then, is the willingness of the unemployed, of which the pining pessimists would do well to take full note? As to the genesis of the colony: on March 5, 1904, Mr. Joseph Fels, an American gentleman living in London, handed over to the Poplar Guardians a farm of a hundred acres, on condition that it should be worked by the able-bodied unemployed under their charge. For three years the Board are to have the free use of the land, and the right at any time during that period to purchase the same from him for the sum of £2175, the original cost to Mr. Fels. At present all the Laindon colonists are housed in corrugated-iron buildings on the estate; but as the men have been so well-behaved, and have proved themselves such willing workers, it is being mooted that they shall be paid a weekly wage of some thirteen shillings, and be quartered as lodgers in the cottages of the surrounding district. If this were done a saving of about two shillings per head would be effected, and the men would gather the fruit of their labour. Officialdom says the law will not permit; but why not let the "hass" be beaten until he mends his pace? One man's individuality is mainly responsible for the colony's striking success in "man-making"—that of its superintendent, Mr. John Clarke, a born organiser. Everything goes at the colony with almost Kitchener-like precision, from the constructing of a reservoir to the building of chicken-houses. In the making up of little gangs to carry out the varied kinds of work, he chooses the men most carefully, knowing that whereas "Jack" and "Tom" may work together in harmony, "Bill" and "Henry" will in all probability do little or nothing. Then, again, he varies the work as much as possible, so that a man may not be sickened with the monotony that would arise from sticking an eight-inch fork into a hard clayey soil week after week, month after month. The favourite job of the colonists has been the making of the reservoir, as the gang is larger and therefore livelier than any doing field-work, and there is always the pleasure that comes from construction. These men have the pride of builders upon them, and feel themselves more than a cut above the others.

TOYE VISE.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LADY MADCAP," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Mr. George Edwardes' record in musical comedy production has been one of unbroken success, but he has never won a better-merited ovation than that which last Saturday evening at the Prince of Wales's Theatre was accorded to his latest production, "Lady Madcap." Here is a musical play—let Mr. Paul Rubens as part librettist, part author of the lyrics, and sole composer have due credit—which is altogether above the average. Boasting no less than the ordinary successions of lovely scenes, frocks, and faces, of taking songs and sprightly dances, "Lady Madcap" excels most pieces of its kind by possessing a quite connectedly sustained plot and affording constant amusement and delight from start to finish. The plot—oh! need it be described? It is enough that it enables that inimitable impersonator of modern Dundreary parts, Mr. G. P. Huntley, to figure first as a trooper of Hussars and later as a confidential butler, and that the popular comedian, unspoiled by his Transatlantic tour, was never more happily suited or more happy in his humour. It is enough that Miss Adrienne Augarde, in the rôle of a peer's madcap daughter wooing this same Trooper Smith in the guise of a lady's maid, shows unaffected liveliness, and has two capital songs about a "little dog" and "My Scarlet Uniform." Better still, the composer and his associates have given every member of the cast a fair chance. Thus pretty Miss Delia Mason has a telling ballad "Who? Who? Who?" sung to harp and mandolin accompaniment; Mr. Maurice Farkoa is allowed to warble as sweetly as ever; Mr. Leedham Bantock has his opportunity with a "Beetle and the Boot" ditty, and two such favourites as Mr. Emney and Mr. Aubrey Boucicault have comic parts with great possibilities.

THE NEW PROGRAMME AT THE PALACE.

At the Palace Theatre, where that most versatile and alert of English comedians, Mr. Arthur Roberts, is still the chief attraction—only last week at the Palace's twelfth anniversary performance he provoked uproarious laughter by presenting himself for an examination of his bumps at Professor Crois's burlesque display of phrenology—the popular favourite and Miss Ruby Celeste have been appearing this week in a new and extremely droll farcical sketch. It is unnecessary at this time of day to say that Mr. Roberts is the most consummate mime on the English stage; a twitch of his ever-restless eyelids, a grimace of his plastic features, a momentary glance from his speaking eyes, or an almost imperceptible simper, each is as eloquent as an ocean of words from any other actor. More pantomime, styled by that almost intolerable name, "Bill Bailey," is supplied by the clever artists who are known as "The Follies," and the highly popular Baby Elephants of De Gracia go through their now familiar series of ingenious and amusing tricks with the most engaging naïveté. Apart from these turns the most conspicuous feature of the Palace programme is the return of the ever-acceptable "White-Eyed Kaffir."

THE LATIN PLAY AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

At Westminster School, where the Latin play has been an institution since Queen Elizabeth's days, the repertory is now practically confined to four examples of Roman comedy, the "Trinummus" of Plautus and three of Terence's works, including the "Andria," which is this year's choice. In the "Andria" Terence owes his inspiration, as usual, to Menander, and has, indeed, derived his plot and title from one of the domestic comedies by which this author won fame at Athens. Its story is all about a marriage (what Terence play is not?) arranged by two elderly fathers, which both bride and bridegroom resent. The best of the performers last week was Mr. G. B. Wilson, in the rôle of Davus; he, too, spoke the Prologue, which enumerates old Westminster scholars who have died during the year, and recalls the fact that Charles Wesley played Davus at Westminster in 1725. The Epilogue, with its skit on the events of the year, is as witty and ingenious as ever, and includes among its palpable hits the clever pun "Cedant arma Togo."

THE STAGE SOCIETY.

Tolstoy's play "The Power of Darkness" was performed at the Royalty by the Stage Society on Dec. 18. The work, which is more a series of episodes than an organically constructed play, deals with a peculiarly sordid story of Russian peasant life. One woe treads fast upon another's heels, and the peasant Nikita is driven by a temptress from crime to crime until at last he does not stop at child-murder, in order to conceal the disgrace of the temptress's step-daughter. In the true story on which Tolstoy based his play, the woman who urged Nikita to crime eventually met her death at his hands, but the author shrank from the stage representation of this as too terrible. It would have been, however, a fitly Æschylean conclusion. As Nikita, Mr. Lyall Swete acted superbly, and Miss Conti, who read Miss May Harvey's part at a moment's notice, acquitted herself remarkably well. The play unfortunately suffered from an extremely banal translation.

The reduction of the *Pall Mall Magazine* to sixpence has in no way reduced its quality. The January number, which inaugurates the new era as far as price is concerned, maintains the former excellence of the publication both as regards literature and pictures. The number opens with a poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy, entitled "The Farmwoman's Winter," and there are articles and stories by Mr. John Burns, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Herbert Vivian, the Earl of Idlesleigh, Mr. Joseph Conrad, and many others. A subject which we ourselves have touched upon is "The Great Zimbabwe Temple and the Land of King Solomon's Mines," a more minute account of which is given by the explorer, Mr. R. N. Hall, F.R.G.S. Mr. Raven-Hill, Mr. Hedley Fitton, and Mr. W. Russell Flint are among the illustrators of a remarkable number.

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The JANUARY NUMBER contains in addition the following contributions:

BLACKSTICK PAPERS. No. 10. "Jacob Omium." By Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. With an Unpublished Sketch by Richard Doyle.
ROSE OF THE WORLD. Book II. Chapters XIII.-XV. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.
THE TRICENTENARY OF "DON QUIXOTE." By Austin Dobson.
A WELSH RECTOR OF THE LAST CENTURY. By Miss Honour Judge Parry.
A RHODES SCHOLAR FROM GERMANY ON OXFORD. By Hais E. von Lindeiner-Wildau.
WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN. By Frank Sidgwick.
THE AMBASSADOR'S STORY. By Lady Maud Rolleston.
WEIGHING A WORLD. By W. A. Sheenstone, F.R.S.
THE HAUNTED BOAT: A Story of the Norfolk Broads. By G. F. Braubly.
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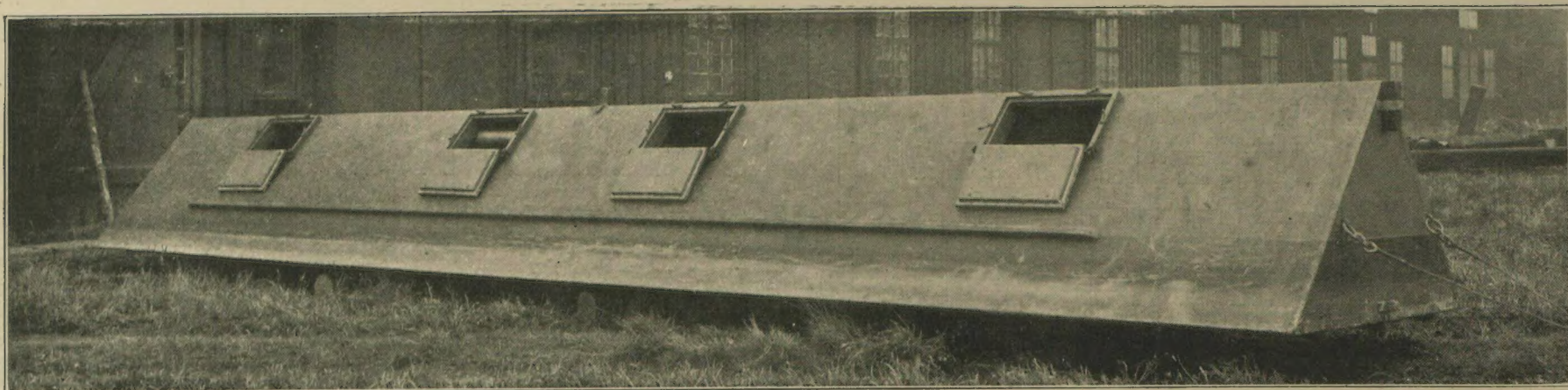
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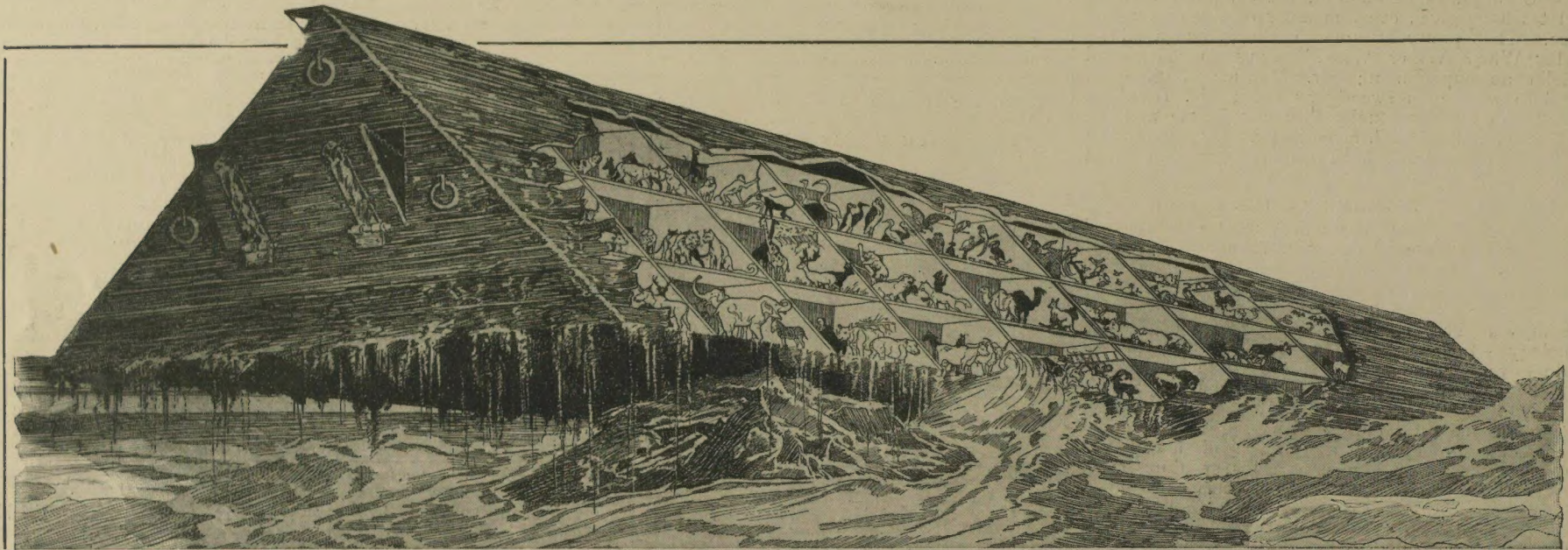
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RECONSTRUCTION OF NOAH'S ARK BY A DANISH SAVANT: THE MODEL AS COMPLETED.
PHOTOGRAPH BY HAUERSLEV, COPENHAGEN.



STRANDED ON ARARAT: "THE NEW YORK AMERICAN AND JOURNAL'S" ADAPTATION OF THE DANISH MODEL OF THE ARK.

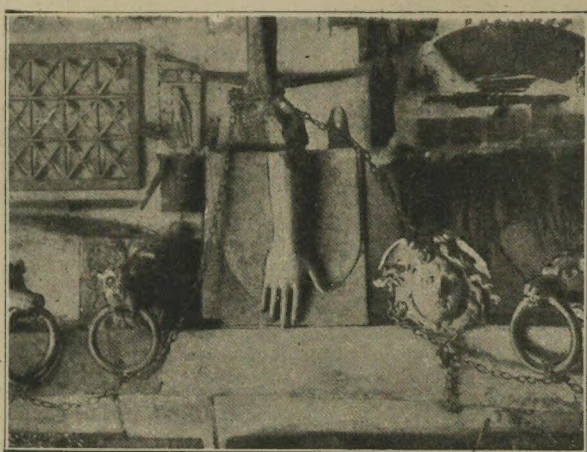
Herr H. C. Vogt, Copenhagen, is the constructor of this model of Noah's Ark. He has been assisted in his experiments by the Danish Admiralty. His model is 31 ft. long by 5.2 ft. broad, and is 3.1 ft. high. It is calculated to be one-fifteenth the size of Noah's Ark, and Herr Vogt contends that his dimensions correspond with the ideal measurements for large wooden vessels as laid down by naval constructors. He believes the form to have been a right triangular prism, and during experiments he says it behaves most excellently between waves, and drifts so quickly to leeward that perfectly smooth water was formed on its windward side. The model draws only 4.5 in. of water. The shape was determined by Professor D. Simonsen's new translation of the word formerly rendered "window," in Genesis vi. 16, whereby the text runs—"Roofing shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above."



Photo. Cribb.

A VICTORY OF FUNGUS OVER CONCRETE:
AN EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH.

This extraordinary fungoid growth, which occurred in the playgrounds of Stamshaw Council School, Portsmouth, forced its way through three inches of concrete and two inches of asphalt. The fungus grew to a height of nine inches, and the whole mass was thirty inches in circumference. The extraordinary leverage of growing plants is here exemplified in a remarkable manner.



AUGURAL HAND CARRIED BY ROMAN NAVIGATOR AS TALISMAN.



Photos. from "The Scientific American."

BRONZE ORNAMENTS FOR MASTS AND ANCHORS.

RELICS OF CALIGULA'S GALLEYS NOW BEING RAISED
FROM LAKE NEMI.

The finest artistic relic is a cap of bronze shaped like a lion's head, with a ring passed through the teeth. There are also a Medusa's head, a rectangular bronze grating, and pieces of lead pipe bearing Caligula's name. The augural hand was fitted to a bronze cap, which had formed the terminal of a beam.



MEMORIAL WINDOW TO DEAN FARRAR IN
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

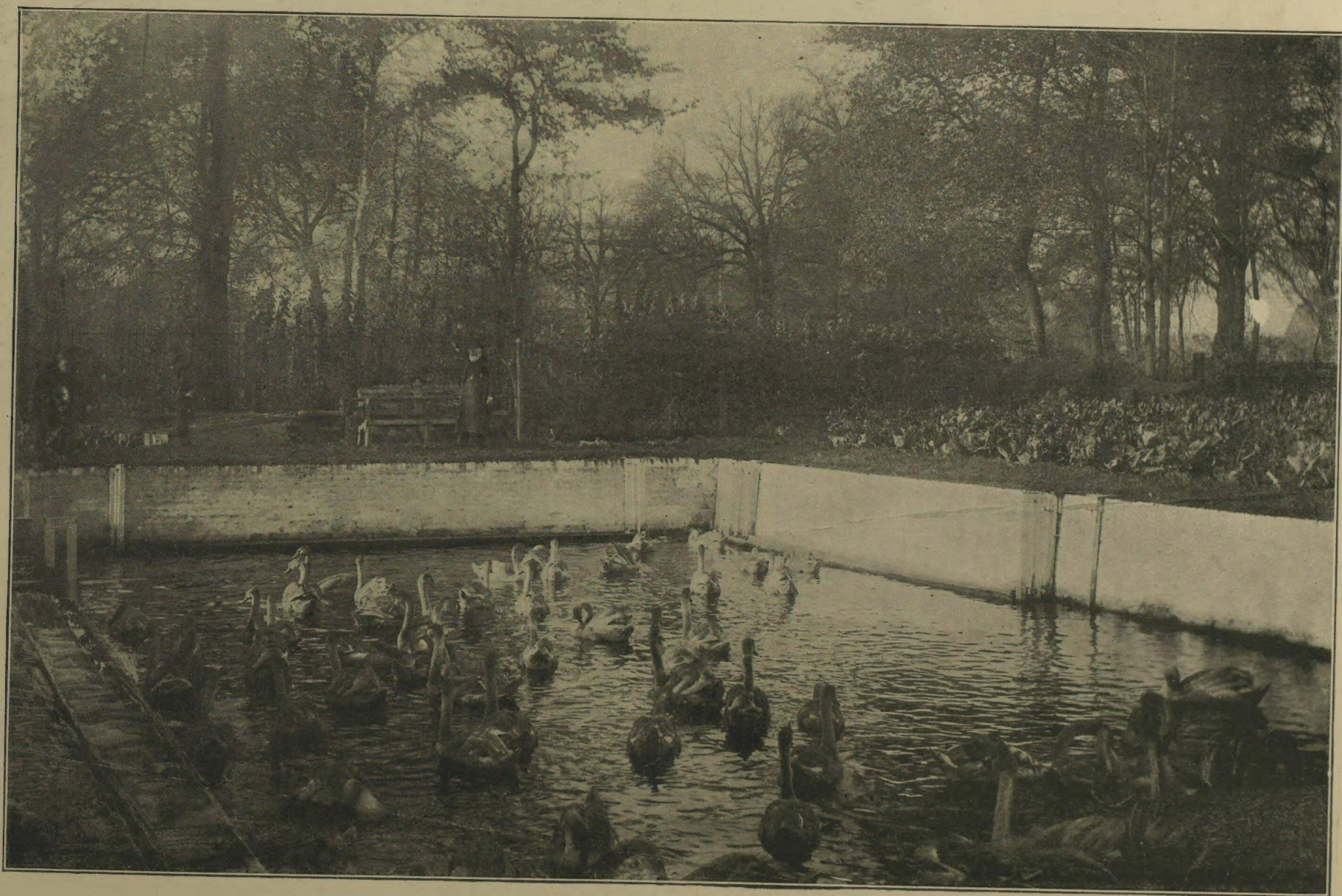
The window, which is the work of Mr. A. O. Hemming, was unveiled in the Chapter House on Dec. 17. The scenes in the top tier relate to the early history of Canterbury, and include incidents in the life of Augustine, Lanfranc, and Anselm. In the middle tier the first subject is the martyrdom of Becket; and the last subject in the lower tier is Queen Victoria's Coronation.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS, DECEMBER 17: THE PRESENTATION OF THE MUNICIPAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE ABBEY GATE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COUSINS.

Their Majesties drove through Bury St. Edmunds at the conclusion of their visit to Earl and Countess Cadogan at Culford Hall. Before the gates of St. Edmund's Abbey, at the high altar of which the foundation of English civil rights was laid, their Majesties were presented with an address. A fuller account of the ceremony appears on another page.



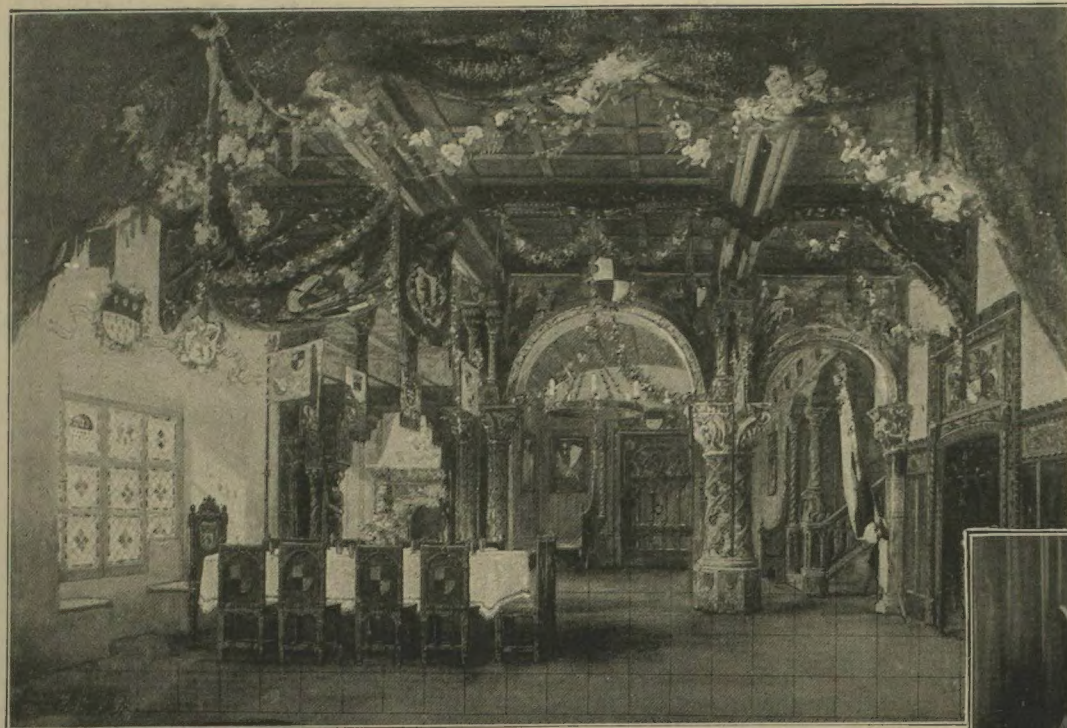
A CHRISTMAS DISH FOR THE KING—FAT CYGNET: FATTENING THE BIRDS FOR MARKET AT THE SWANNERY, NORWICH.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. J. COX.

In the swannery at the Great Hospital, St. Helen, Norwich, about a hundred cygnets are fattened for the table in a swan-pit. The birds are liberally fed with the best barley and maize, placed in troughs below the surface of the water. A fat cygnet weighs about sixteen pounds, costs two guineas, and its flavour is said to be a compromise between goose and hare. Cygnet will appear in the King's Christmas menu. For the gravy, the Great Hospital issues the following rhyming recipe: To a gravy of beef (good and strong) I opine You'll be right if you add half a pint of port wine; Pour this through the Swan—yes, quite through the belly, Then serve the whole up with some hot currant jelly. N.B.—The Swan must not be skinned.

"ROLAND OF BERLIN": LEONCAVALLO'S NEW OPERA, COMPOSED BY THE KAISER'S COMMAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZANDER AND LABISCH, BERLIN.



THE FESTIVAL SCENE IN THE RATHHAUS: THE THIRD AND MOST BRILLIANT ACT.



SCENE FROM THE FOURTH ACT: THE STATUE OF ROLAND BEFORE THE OLD BERLIN LAW COURTS.



THE HERO
AND
HEROINE:
HENNING
MÖLLER
(HERR
GRÜNING),
ELSBETH
(FRÄULEIN
DESTINN).



The Burgomaster (Herr Hoffmann).

ELSBETH AND HER FATHER AT THE RATHHAUS FESTIVAL.



The Elector (Herr Knüpfer).

THE MEETING BETWEEN THE ELECTOR FRIEDRICH AND THE HERO.

The opera which Signor Leoncavallo has composed to the Kaiser's command deals with the struggles between the Brandenburg Elector, Friedrich II., and the turbulent twin-towns of Berlin and Köln. The scene is laid in the year 1442, and opens during carnival-time, when the Elector, disguised, meets the talented Henning, a cloth-weaver's son, and enlists him as his advocate among the people to win him the supremacy of the contending townships. Through the story runs the romance of Henning and Elsbeth, the Burgomaster's daughter. The girl's father is to espouse her to a wealthy citizen, and gives a great festival in the Rathhaus to celebrate the betrothal. During this feast she is claimed by Henning. The Elector's soldiers seize the town and destroy the statue of Roland, the symbol of civic liberties. During the fighting Henning is killed by mistake, and the Elector, much moved, restores the Burgomaster's official chain to his daughter.

SNAP, THE BULL-TERRIER:

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS DOG.

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," "Two Little Savages," etc.

IT was late on Christmas Day when first I saw him. Early in the morning I had received a telegram from my college chum Jack: "Merry Christmas! Am sending you a remarkable pup. Be polite to him; it's safer." It would have been just like Jack to have sent an infernal machine or a skunk rampant and called it a pup; so I awaited the hamper with curiosity.

When it landed I saw it was marked "Dangerous," and there came from within a high-pitched snarl at every slight provocation. On peering through the wire top I saw it was not a baby tiger, but a small white bull-terrier. He snapped at me and at anyone or anything that seemed too abrupt or too near for proper respect, and his snarling growls were unpleasantly frequent. Dogs have two growls—one deep, rumbled, and chesty: that is meant for polite warning, the retort courteous; the other mouthy and much higher in pitch: this is the last word before actual onslaught. The terrier's growls were all of the latter kind.

I was a dog-man, and thought I knew all about dogs; so, dismissing the porter, I got out my all-round-jack-knife-toothpick-nail-hammer-hatchet-toolbox-fire-shovel—a speciality of our firm—and lifted the netting. Oh, yes! I knew all about dogs. The little fury had been growling out a new kind of growl for each tap of the tool, and when I turned the box on its side he made a dash straight for my legs. Had not his foot gone through the wire netting and held him, I might have been hurt, for his heart was evidently in his work; but I stepped on the table out of reach, and tried to talk to him. I have always believed in talking to animals. I maintain that they gather something of our intention at least, even if they do not understand our words; but the dog evidently put me down for a hypocrite, and scorned my approaches. At first he took his post under the table, and kept up a circular watch for a leg trying to get down. I felt sure I could have controlled him with my eye, but I could not bring it to bear where I was, or rather, where he was; thus I was left a prisoner.

I am a very cool person, I flatter myself—in fact, I am a traveller for a hardware firm, and we are not excelled by any but perhaps the nosy gentlemen that sell wearing apparel. I lit a cigar and smoked cross-legged on the table, while my little tyrant below kept watch for legs. I got out the telegram and read it: "Remarkable pup; be polite to him; it's safer." I think it was my coolness rather than my politeness that did it, for in half an hour the growling ceased. In an hour he no longer jumped at a newspaper cautiously pushed on the edge to test his humour; possibly the irritation of the cage was wearing off, and by the time I lit my third cigar he waddled out to the fire and lay down, not ignoring me, however. I had no reason to complain of that kind of contempt. He kept one eye on me, and I kept both eyes, not on him, but on his stumpy tail. If that tail should swing sideways once I might feel sure I was winning; but it did not swing. I got a book and put in time on that table till my legs were cramped and the fire burned low. About ten o'clock it was chilly and at half-past ten the fire was out, and my Christmas present got up, yawned and stretched, then walked under the bed, where he found a fur rug. By stepping lightly from the table to the dresser and then on to the mantelshelf I also reached bed, and, very quietly undressing, got in without provoking any criticism from my master. I had not yet fallen asleep when I heard a slight scrambling and felt "thump, thump," on the bed, then over my feet and legs: Snap evidently had found it too cool down below and proposed to have the best my house afforded.

He curled up on my feet in such a way that I was very uncomfortable and tried to readjust matters, but the slightest wriggle of a toe was enough to make him snap at it so fiercely that nothing but thick woollen bedclothes saved me from being maimed for life.

I was three hours moving my feet—a hair's-breadth at a time—till they were so that I could sleep in comfort, and I was awakened several times during the night by angry snarls from the dog—I supposed because I dared to move a muscle without his approval, though once I believe he did it simply because I was snoring.

In the morning I was ready to get up before Snap was. You see, I call him Snap—Gingersnap, in full. Some dogs are hard to name, and some do not seem to need it; they name themselves.

I was ready to rise at seven. Snap was not ready

driving in a cab during the dog show, he caught sight of an elephantine St. Bernard taking an airing. Its size aroused such enthusiasm in Snap's little breast that he leaped from the cab-window to do battle and broke his leg.

Evidently fear had been left out of his make-up and its place supplied with an extra amount of ginger, which was the reason of his full name. He differed from all other dogs I had ever known before. For example, if a boy threw a stone at him he ran, not away, but toward the boy; and if the crime were repeated Snap took the law into his own hands; thus he was at least respected by all. Only myself and the porter at the office seemed to realise his good points, and we only were admitted to the high honour of personal friendship, an honour which I appreciated more as months went by, and by midsummer not Carnegie, Vanderbilt, and Astor together could have raised money enough to buy a quarter of a share in my little dog Snap.

CHAPTER II.

Though not a regular traveller I went on the road in the autumn, and then Snap and the landlady were left together, with unfortunate developments: contempt on his part, fear on hers—and hate on the part of both.

I was placing a lot of barb-wire in the northern tier of States. My letters were forwarded once a week, and I got several complaints from the landlady about Snap.

Arrived at Mendoza, in North Dakota, I found a fine market for wire. Of course, my dealings were with the big storekeepers, but I went about among the ranchmen to get their practical views on the different styles, and thus I met the Penroof brothers' cow outfit.

One cannot be long in the cow country now without hearing a great deal about the depredations of the ever-wily and destructive grey wolf. The day has gone by when these animals can be poisoned wholesale, and they are a serious drain on the rancher's profits.

The Penroof brothers, like most live cattlemen, had given up all attempts at poisoning and trapping, and were trying various breeds of dogs as wolf-hunters, hoping to get a little sport out of the work of destroying the pests.

Foxhounds had failed—they were too thin-skinned for fighting; Great Danes were too slow; and greyhounds could not follow the game unless they could see it. Each breed had some fatal defect, but the cowmen hoped to succeed with a mixed pack, and on the day when I was invited to join in a Mendoza wolf-hunt I was much amused by the different dogs that formed the pack. There were not a few mongrels, but there were also a lot of highly bred dogs, in particular some Russian wolf-hounds that must have cost a lot of money. Hilton Penroof, the eldest boy, "The Master of Hounds," was unusually proud of them, and expected them to do great things.

"Greyhounds are too thin-skinned to fight a wolf, Danes are too slow and heavy, but you'll see the fur fly when the Russians take a hand."

Thus the greyhounds were there as runners, the Danes as heavy backers, and the Russians to do the important fighting. There were also a couple of foxhounds, whose fine noses were relied on to follow the trail if the game got out of view.

It was a striking sight as we rode away among the Badland Buttes that December day, the ground bare of snow. The air was bright and crisp, and, though so late, there was no frost. The horses were fresh, and once or twice showed me how a cow-pony tries to get rid of his rider.

The dogs were keen for sport, and on the plains we did start one or two grey spots that Hilton said were



SNAP.

Drawn by E. Thompson Seton.

till eight; so we rose at eight. He had little to say to the man who made the fire. He allowed me to dress without doing it on the table.

As I left the room to get breakfast I remarked: "Snap, my friend, some men would whip you into a different way, but I think I know a better plan. The doctors nowadays favour the 'no-breakfast cure.'"

It seemed cruel, but I left him without food all day. It cost me something to repaint the door where he scratched it—but at night he was very ready to accept a little food at my hands.

In a week we were very good friends. He would sleep at my feet then and allow me to move without snapping at them with intent to do me serious bodily harm. The "no-breakfast cure" had worked wonders; in three months we were—well, simply man and dog. Snap seemed to be without fear. If a small dog came near he would take not the slightest notice; if a medium-sized dog, he would stick his stub of a tail rigidly up in the air, then walk around him scratching contemptuously with his hind feet, and looking at the sky, the distance, the ground, anything but the dog, and noting his presence only by frequent high-pitched growls. If the stranger did not move on at once the battle began, and then the stranger usually moved on very rapidly. Snap sometimes got worsted, but no amount of sad experience could ever inspire him with a grain of caution. Once, while

wolves or coyotes. The dogs trailed away at full cry, but at night, beyond the fact that one of the greyhounds had a wound on his shoulder, there was nothing to show that any of them had been on a wolf-hunt.

"It's my opinion yer fancy Russians is no good, Hilt," said Garvin, the younger brother. "I'll back that little black Dane against the lot, mongrel an' all as he is."

"I don't un'erstan' it," growled Hilton. "There ain't a coyote, let alone a grey wolf, kin run away from them greyhounds; them foxhounds kin follow a trail three days old, an' the Danes could lick a grizzly."

"I reckon," said the father, "they kin run, an' they kin track, an' they kin lick a grizzly, maybe, but the fac' is, they don't want to tackle a grey wolf. The hull darn pack is scairt—an' I wish we had our money out o' them."

Thus the men grumbled and discussed as I drove away and left them.

There seemed only one solution of the failure. The hounds were swift and strong, but a grey wolf seems to terrorise all dogs. They had not the nerve to face him, and so each time he got away, and my thoughts flew back to the fearless little dog that had shared my bed for the last year. How I wished he were out here; then these lubberly giants of hounds would find a leader whose nerve would not fail at the moment of trial.

At Baroka, my next stop, I got a batch of mail and two letters from the landlady—the first to say that "that beast of a dog was acting up scandalous in my room," and the other, still more forcible, demanding his immediate removal.

Why not have him express to Mendoza? I thought. It's only twenty hours; they'll be glad to have him. I can take him home with me when I go through.

CHAPTER III.

My next meeting with Gingersnap was not so different from the first as one might have expected. He jumped on me, made much vigorous pretence to bite and growled frequently, but his stump waggled hard.

The Penroofs had had a number of wolf-hunts since I was with them, and were much disgusted at having no better success than before. The dogs could find a wolf nearly every time they went out, but they could not kill him, and the men were not near enough to learn why.

Old Penroof was satisfied that "thar wasn't one of the hull miserable gang that had the grit of a Jack rabbit."

We were off at dawn the next day. The same procession of fine horses, superb riders, the big blue dogs, the yellow dogs, the spotted dogs as before; but there was a new feature, a little white dog that stayed close by me; and not only any dogs, but horses as well, that came too near were apt to get a surprise from his teeth. I think he quarrelled with every man, horse, and dog in the country with the exception of a bull-terrier belonging to the Mendoza hotel man. She was the only one smaller than himself, and they seemed very good friends.

I shall never forget the view of the hunt I had that day. We were on one of those large, flat-headed buttes that give a kingdom to the eye, when Hilton, who had been scanning the vast country with glasses, remarked: "I see him. There he goes, toward Skull Creek. Guess it's a coyote."

Now, the first thing is to get the greyhounds to see the prey—not an easy matter, as they cannot use the glasses, and the ground was covered with sage-brush higher than the dogs' heads.

But Hilton called "Hu, hu, Dander!" and leaned aside from his saddle, holding out his foot at the same time. Dander sprang lightly from the ground, touched the foot and reached the saddle, and there stood balancing on the horse, while Hilton kept pointing. "There he is, Dander! sic him! sic him! down there!" The dog gazed earnestly where his master pointed; then, seeming to see, he leaped to the ground with a slight yelp and sped away, while the other dogs followed after in a never-lengthening procession, and we rode as hard as we could behind them, losing time, for the ground was cut with gullies, spotted with badger-holes, and covered with rocks and sage, that made full speed too hazardous.

We all fell behind, but I was last, of course, being least accustomed to the saddle. We could see the dogs flying over the level plain or dropping from sight in gullies to reappear at the other side, and we could see that the procession lengthened out. Dander, the greyhound, was the recognised leader, and as we mounted another ridge we got a glimpse of the whole chase—a coyote at full speed—the dogs a quarter of a mile behind, but gaining. When next we saw them the coyote was dead and the dogs sitting around, panting—all but two of the foxhounds and Gingersnap.

"Too late for the fracas," remarked Hilton, glancing at the two foxhounds. Then he proudly petted Dander. "Didn't need yer purp after all, ye see."

"Takes a heap of nerve for ten big dogs to face one little coyote," remarked the father sarcastically. "Wait till we run on to a grey."

Next day we were out again, for I made up my mind to see the hunt to a finish.

From a high point we caught sight of a moving speck of grey. A moving white speck stands for

antelope, a yellow speck for fox, a grey speck for either grey wolf or coyote, and which of them is determined by its tail. If the glass shows the tail down it is a coyote; if up, it is the dreaded grey wolf.

Dander was shown the game as before and led the procession—the ever-lengthening procession—greyhounds, wolfhounds, foxhounds, Danes, bull-terrier, horsemen. We got a brief glimpse of the pursuit; a grey wolf it surely was, loping away ahead of the dogs. Somehow I got the impression that the first dogs were not running quite so fast now as when after the coyote. But no one knew the finish of the hunt. The dogs came back to us, and we saw no more of that wolf.

Sarcastic remarks from the various dog-owners and the father followed.

"Pah—scairt—plumb scairt!" was the father's disgusted comment on the pack. "They could catch up easy enough; but when he turned on them they lighted out for home—pah!"

"Where's that thar onsurpassable, fearless, scaired-o'-nort tarrier?" asked Hilton scornfully.

"I don't know," said I. "I am inclined to think he never saw the wolf; but if he ever does, I'll bet he sails in for death or glory."

That night several cows were killed close to the ranch, and we were spurred on to another hunt. It opened much like the other. Late in the afternoon we sighted a grey fellow with tail up, not half a mile off. Hilton called Dander up on the saddle. I acted on the idea and called Snap to mine. His legs were so short that he had to leap several times before he made it, scrambling up at last with my foot as a half-way station. I pointed and he gazed earnestly, for he always was a serious little dog; but I "sic-ed" for a minute before he saw the game, and then he started out after the greyhounds, already gone, with energy that was full of promise.

The chase this time led us, not to the rough brakes along the river, but toward the open upland country, for reasons that appeared later, and we were close together as we rose to the upland and sighted the chase half a mile off just as Dander came up with the wolf and snapped at his haunch. The wolf turned to fight, and we had a fine view. The dogs came up by twos and threes, barking at him in a ring, till at last the little white one rushed up. He wasted no time barking, but rushed straight at the wolf, and seemed to get him by the nose: then the ten big dogs closed in, and in two minutes the wolf was dead. We had ridden hard to be in at the finish, and though our view was distant, we saw at least that Snap had lived up to the telegram as well as to my promises for him.

Now it was my turn to crow, and I did not lose the chance. "Snap had shown them how," and at last the Mendoza pack had killed a grey wolf without help from the men.

There were two things to mar the victory somewhat: first, it was a young wolf, a mere cub, hence his foolish choice of country; second, Snap was wounded—the wolf had given him a bad cut in the shoulder. As we rode home in proud procession I saw he limped a little. "Here," I cried; "come up, Snap." He tried once or twice to jump to the saddle, but could not. "Here, Hilton, lift him up to me."

"Thanks, I'll let you handle your own rattlesnakes," was the reply, for all knew now that it was not safe to meddle with his person. "Here, Snap, take hold," I said, and held my quirt to him. He seized it in his teeth, and by that I lifted him to the front of my saddle and there carried him home. We cared for him as though he had been a baby. He had shown those cattlemen how to fill the weak place in the pack. The foxhound may be good and the greyhound swift and the Russians and Danes fighters, but they are no use at all without the crowning moral force of grit that none can supply so well as a bull-terrier. On that day the cattlemen learned how to manage the wolf question, and now they have little trouble, as you will find if ever you are at Mendoza—for every successful wolf pack there has with it a bull-terrier, preferably of the Snap-Mendoza breed.

CHAPTER IV.

Next day was Christmas Day, the anniversary of Snap's advent. The weather was clear, bright, not too cold, and there was no snow on the ground. The men usually celebrated the day with a hunt of some sort, and now, of course, wolves were the one object. To the disappointment of all, Snap was in bad shape with his wound. He slept, as usual, at my feet, and bloody stains now marked the place. He was not in condition to fight, but we were bound to have a wolf-hunt, so he was beguiled to an outhouse and locked up, while we went off, I, at least, with a sense of impending disaster. I knew we should fail without my dog, but I did not realise how bad a failure it was to be.

Afar among the buttes of Skull Creek we had roamed when a white ball appeared bounding through the sage-brush, and in a minute more Snap came, growling and stump-wagging, up to my horse's side. I could not send him back; he would take no such orders, not even from me. His wound was looking bad, so I called him, held down the quirt, and so jumped him to my saddle.

"There," I thought, "I'll keep you safe till we get home." Yes—I thought—but I reckoned not with Snap.

The voice of Hilton, "Hu, hu!" announced that he had sighted a wolf. Dander and Riley, his rival, both sprang to the point of observation, with the result that they collided and fell together sprawling in the sage. But Snap, gazing hard, had sighted the wolf not so very far off, and before I knew it, he leaped from the saddle and bounded zigzag, high, low, in and under the sage, straight for the enemy, leading the whole pack for a few minutes. Not far, of course: the great greyhounds sighted the moving speck, and the usual procession strung out on the plains. It promised to be a fine hunt, for the wolf had less than half a mile start, and all the dogs were fully interested.

"They've turned up the Grizzly Gully," shouted Garvin. "This way, and we can head them off."

So we turned and rode hard around the north side of Hulmer's Butte, while the chase seemed to go around the south.

We galloped to the top of a cedar ridge and were about to ride through when Hilton shouted, "By George, here he is! We're right on to him."

He leaped from his horse, dropped the bridle, and ran forward. I did the same. A great grey wolf came lumbering across an open plain toward us. His head was low, his tail out level, and fifty yards behind him was Dander, sailing like a hawk over the ground, going twice as fast as the wolf. In a minute the hound was alongside and snapped, but bounded by as the wolf turned on him. They were just below us now, and not fifty feet away. Garvin drew his revolver, but in a fateful moment Hilton interfered. "No, no; let's see it out." In a few seconds the second greyhound arrived, then the rest in order of swiftness. Each came up full of fight, determined to dash right in and tear the wolf to pieces; but each in turn swerved aside and leaped and barked around at a safe distance.

Then the Russians arrived—fine big dogs they were. Their distant intention, no doubt, was to go straight at the old wolf; but his fearless front, his sinewy frame and death-dealing jaws, awed them long before they were near him, and they also joined the ring; while the grizzly giant in the middle faced this way and that, ready for any or all.

Now the Danes arrived, huge-limbed creatures, any one of them as heavy as the wolf. I heard their heavy breathing tighten into a threatening sound as they came plunging, eager to tear the foe to pieces; but when they saw him there, grim, fearless, mighty of jaw, tireless of limb, ready to die, if need be—but sure of this, he would not die alone—well, those great Danes, all three of them, were stricken, as the rest had been, with a sudden bashfulness—yes, they would show him presently, not now, but as soon as they had got their breath, that they were not afraid of a wolf—oh, no! I could read their courage in their voices. They knew perfectly well that the first dog to go in was going to get hurt; but, never mind that; presently they would bark a little more to get up enthusiasm.

And as the ten big dogs bounded around the silent grizzly monster there was a rustling in the sage at the far side of the plain; a small white rubber ball, it seemed, came bounding, but grew into a little bull-terrier, and Snap, slowest of the pack and last, came panting hard, so hard they seemed like gasps—and over the level open, straight to the changing ring around the cattle-killer, whom none dared face. Did Snap hesitate? Not for an instant. Through the ring of the yelping pack, straight for the old despot of the range, right for his throat he sprang; and the grey wolf struck with his twenty scimitars. But the little one, if foiled at all, sprang again, and then what came I hardly knew. There was a whirling mass of dogs. I thought I saw the little white one clinched on the grey wolf's nose. The pack was all around; we could not help them now. But they did not need us; they had a leader of dauntless mettle, and when in a little while the final scene was done, there on the ground lay the grey wolf, a giant of his kind, and clinched on the nose was the little white dog.

We were standing around within fifteen feet ready to help, but had no chance till we were not needed.

The wolf was dead and I halloed to Snap, but he did not move. I bent over him.

"Snap—Snap, it's all over; you've killed him." But the dog was very still, and now I saw several deep wounds in his body. I tried to lift him. "Let go, old fellow, it's all over." He growled feebly, and at last let go of the wolf.

The rough cattlemen were kneeling around him now; old Penroof's voice was trembling as he muttered: "I wouldn't had him hurt for twenty steers."

I lifted him in my arms, called to him and stroked his head. He snarled a little—a farewell snarl, it proved, for he licked my hand as he did so—then never snarled again.

That was a sad ride home for me. There was the skin of a monstrous wolf, but no other hint of triumph. We buried the fearless one on a butte back of the ranch-house. Old Penroof, as he stood by, was heard to grumble his first good word for a dog: "By glory, that was grit—clar grit—ye can't raise cattle without grit!"

THE END.

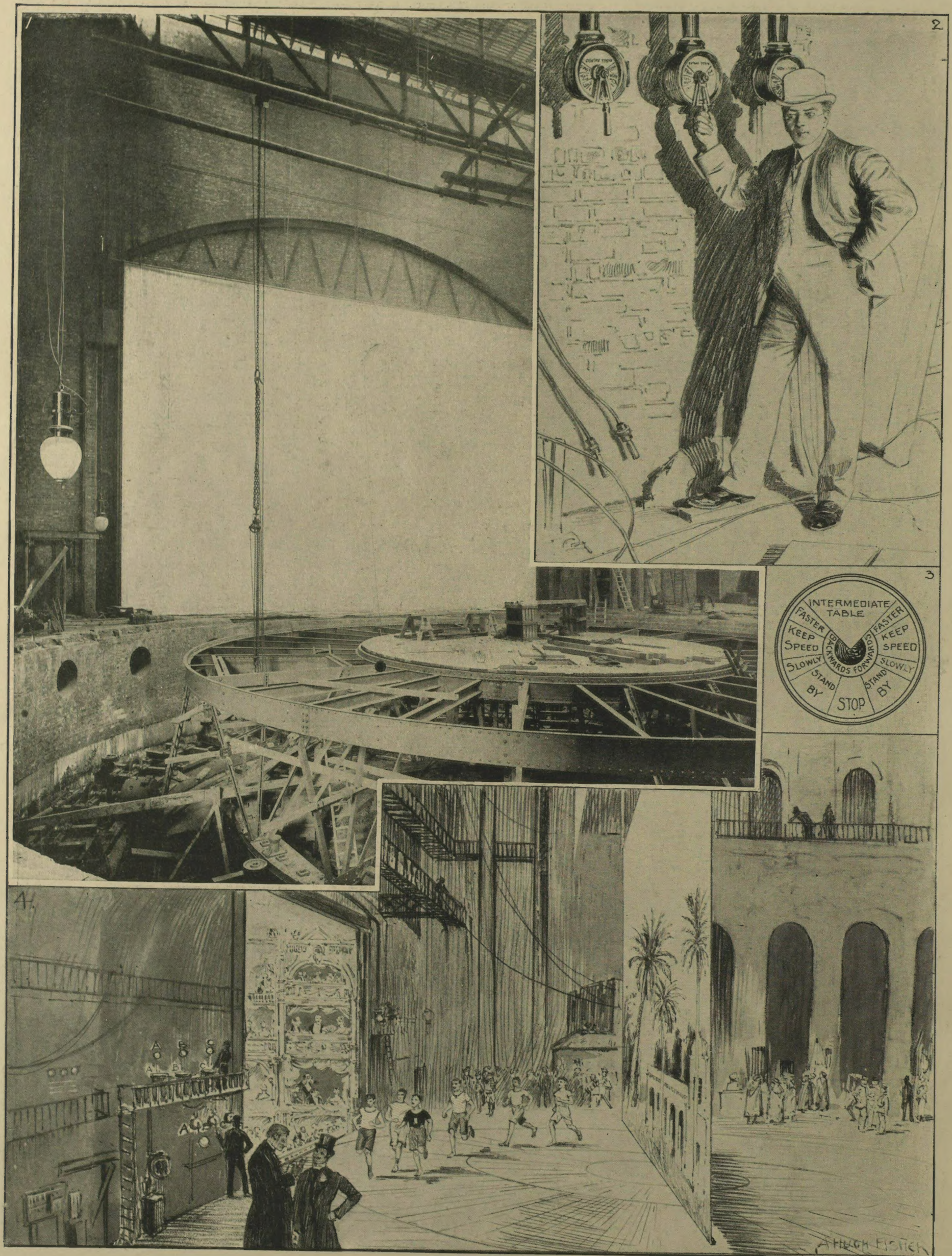
A CHANGELING CHARGER; OR, THE FAT KNIGHT VICTIMISED.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.



THE WONDERFUL REVOLVING STAGE AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER; PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.



1. THE REVOLVING STAGE DURING CONSTRUCTION, SHOWING THE CONCENTRIC CIRCLES WHICH, BY MEANS OF FOURTEEN SMALL ELECTRIC MOTORS, REVOLVE AT DIFFERENT SPEEDS.

2. MR. MARSHALL MOORE TELEGRAPHING THE DESIRED SPEEDS OF THE THREE CONCENTRIC CIRCLES TO THE OPERATOR IN GALLERY ABOVE (SEE FIG. 4, DIALS AND REGULATORS A, B, AND C).

3. ONE OF THE TELEGRAPH DIALS IN DETAIL.

4. GENERAL VIEW OF THE STAGE AT THE COLISEUM, SHOWING A FOOT-RACE IN PROGRESS ON THE REVOLVING TABLES. AS THE PERFORMERS RUN, THEY MAKE NO PROGRESS OWING TO THE REVOLUTION OF THE CIRCLES, AND THUS THEY REMAIN IN VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE.

THE CHRISTMAS OFFERING IN THE VAL DI ROSE: A VOTIVE PAGEANT.

DRAWN BY RICCARDO PELLEGRINI.



A LIVING SYMBOL OF THE BARE OF BETHLEHEM: A REALISTIC CHRISTMAS MYSTERY IN THE ITALIAN HIGHLANDS.

In the Val di Rose a popular custom which is known as "The Offering" has been repeated for centuries on Christmas Day. Crowds of the faithful convey to the shrine gifts composed of oranges and pomegranates, gathered from each worshipper's own farm, and place them at the foot of the altar of the Redeemer, who is here represented by a boy holding a globe, and surrounded on all sides by olive branches, wax candles, and votive lamps. Every offerer wears the typical costume of the valley, and the men assume the traditional head-dress. This rite is said to be connected with the visit of the Magi to Bethlehem.

Christmas at the Booksellers.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

The children's books this winter are as good as usual, but there is no superlative excellence among the gift-books for girls. We have travelled on from the goody-goody story that Kingsley flagellated as "The Narrow, Narrow World" and "The Pumplighter"; but its leisurely, conscientious workmanship seems to have been left behind with it, except in a few instances that will be noticed below. The late Miss Yonge's mantle is still lying by in lavender, and our English Miss Alcott has not yet arisen. There is a tendency amongst authors and publishers alike to consider that a mediocre style and composition, not good enough for the adult public, will do quite well for their daughters. This may be justified by sales, but from the literary point of view it is inexcusable.

Mrs. Jameson's "Shakespeare's Heroines" (E. Nister, 7s. 6d.) cannot, of course, be accused of slipshod execution, for it is painstaking to excess; but then it is better suited to the "earnest" girl than to her more frivolous, everyday contemporary. It is handsomely bound and illustrated, and would make an excellent prize. The more commonplace schoolgirl would probably prefer "Mrs. Pritchard's School" (Chambers, 6s.), which is one of those bright, readable chronicles that Mrs. L. T. Meade turns out with so much industry and dispatch. Its juvenile heroines are rather given to involving themselves in unnecessary perplexities; but, when Mrs. Meade's annual output is considered, we can only marvel at her ingenuity in devising any new variations, probable or improbable, of a familiar theme. Mrs. Molesworth, who writes this Christmas for smaller girls, is another favourite, and she reveals once more the delicate, graceful touch that gives her work its distinctive charm. How many years is it since we read "Carrots"? And here is "The Ruby Ring" (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.), containing another Sybil; not as nice as Carrots' Sybil, but quite as lifelike: a little discontented mortal, whom it took the services of a magic ring and an excursion into fairyland to convince of her ill-humours. The schoolroom will always have a welcome for Mrs. Molesworth. The same may be said of Mr. Andrew Lang, in his capacity of fairybook editor. This year's "Brown Fairy Book" (Longmans, 6s.) draws its material from many queer places, and we are delighted to find the Australian Bunyip taking his legitimate place among goblin monsters. We may note the new edition of Grimm (Blackie, 5s.) while we are on the subject of fairy-tales. It is a portly volume, admirably illustrated by Helen Stratton, and as prosperous-looking as an old friend should be. We turn reluctantly from it to the people in the "real" stories, so much less real and enchanting to us than the Frog Prince, and Däumling and Faithful John.

Messrs. Blackie and Son's story-books are always astonishingly cheap, brightly bound, and well printed, if they do not aspire to great originality. This year they cover a wide geographical range, from the up-to-date Siberian adventures in "Hope's Tryst," by Mrs. Marchant (3s. 6d.), to a striking little story of Saxon England by Emma Leslie, "Gythia's Message" (1s. 6d.), which we are glad to see in a new edition. This might be used effectively as a stepping-stone to "Ivanhoe"—if the rumour that the rising generation has to be coaxed to read Scott is unhappily true. "A True Cornish Maid," by G. Norway (2s. 6d.), deals with smugglers and all the rough-and-tumble of brushes with the coastguard and the pressgang in the neighbourhood of Newquay a hundred years ago. We wish the hated "navy men" could have been exhibited in a more favourable light. If we may say so, Mrs. Norway's eulogies of the Cornish fishermen strike us as slightly parochial. However, this, too, is a new edition, and certainly the book has spirit enough to account for its popularity. "Meg's Friend," by Alice Corkran (2s. 6d.), is much less sensational, being the history of a lonely little girl in a decayed London house. This is not the first time we have met that quaint and desolate orphan, apparently indigenous to the Bloomsbury lodging-house, and we prefer her in her chrysalis stage, when she acts as providence to the impetuous bachelor lodger, and supplies him with German sausage and marmalade out of her scanty savings, than in her glory as the baronet's granddaughter, even though we leave her a woman grown, with her hand resting (by the baronet's instrumentality) in the fond clasp of the whilom lodger. This sentimental finale seems to be looked upon as indispensable in the elder girls' books; a convention which generally makes more for mawkishness than for entertainment. "The Girls of Wakeside" (Collins, 5s.), which is otherwise a brisk Rocky Mountain story, with plenty of riding and sport in it, ends in "quite an epidemic of marriages," to quote Miss Marchand's own phrase. "Aunt Huldah," by G. MacGowan Cooke and A. MacGowan (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), another American tale, does not elude the common fate; but it concerns itself at least as persistently with a character study of the genial widow as with the young people's love affairs. "A Girl's Ideal," by Lady Gilbert (Blackie, 5s.), rambles through four hundred pages agreeably before it winds up a well-planned plot in the usual way, and it includes some Irish folklore, rather irrelevantly but with praiseworthy intention, towards the close. A stirring book, showing grip and power, is "Viva Christina!" by Edith Cowper (Chambers, 3s. 6d.); and "Diana Polwarth, Royalist," by J. F. M. Carter (Seeley, 5s.), is another "costume" story. Its drift may be guessed from its name.

"Grit and character are as necessary for girls as for boys," remarks the editor of "Fifty-Two Stories of Grit and Character for Girls" (Hutchinson, 5s.),

and forthwith a hotch-potch of tales, good, bad, and indifferent—mostly indifferent—makes its appearance. The illustrations are bad; and the inclusion of "Dolly Hardcastle's Rosebuds," which is a story of a young stockbroker's "flutter" in Rosebud mining shares, is an error of judgment, to say the least of it. Five of Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" have been inserted to fill up the last pages—which really is an amazing interpretation of even this elastic title.

Stories of naughty children are always engaging, and though "The Terrible Tomboy" (Gay and Bird, 5s.) did not mean to be naughty, her adventures are well worth reading, partly because, as the author, Miss Brazil, says, Peggy "found the world a very pleasant place to be in." So did Tony Sellinger in "The Deserted Palace," by Emily Hohler (Blackie, 1s.), whose convalescence in Italy brought him a playmate as well as a real palace to explore. "Chips and Chops," by R. Neish (1s. 6d.), "My Aunt Nan," by Edith King Hall (9d.), and "Nell, Edith, and Toby," by Catherine Mockler (1s.), are three more of Messrs. Blackie's inexpensive books for small boys and girls. The first is thin, but the two latter are both wholesome, fresh little stories, and the Fräulein's passage of arms with Nell in the last-named shows a genial knowledge of school-room evasions.

FOR VERY LITTLE PEOPLE

The most notable general characteristic of the children's books this Christmas is undoubtedly the increased use of coloured illustrations, and the most successful of these are the simplest. Over-elaboration, which gives an oleograph effect, is the great pitfall of designers and colour-printers alike. On the whole, the matter of the books is really suitable for little people, though here and there, unfortunately, brutal ideas are suggested. Most children have a strong natural taste for horrors, which should not be encouraged; but what we object to even more in children's books is any hint of flirting and vulgar love-making.

Once again "Mr. Punch" has remembered his young friends, and his "Christmas Book" edited and illustrated by Olga Morgan (10, Bouverie Street, 6s.), is a pure delight. Not only is there a long story about that most engaging young family, the Bastables—who, in the absence of the righteous Dora, occupied with "something catching" at home, have a particularly thrilling adventure—but there are many really beautiful coloured pictures—indeed, the whole book from the very dedication, which "is a secret," to the last page, is worthy of E. Nesbit, who understands the mysterious minds of children.

An original note is struck in "Comic Sport and Pastime," by Alan Wright and Vernon Stokes (Skeffington, 5s.), which is conceived in a vein of rather elementary but vivid humour. "The Odd Fancies of Gwen," by Gwen Forwood (Drane), contain some unusual stories, evidently for "reading aloud" to the little ones. Full of imagination and a certain thin charm is Dollie Radford's fairy tale, "Sea-Thrift," with not too numerous illustrations by Gertrude Bradley (De La More Press). It is amusing to contrast with this the rough, cheerful humour of "The Wonderful Story of Henny-Penny," pictured by W. D. Adams (Heinemann, 1s. net). Excellent, though not dedicated to the editor of the *Spectator*, are Miss Edith Carrington's "True Stories About Animals" (Blackie, 2s.). Mr. John Hassall is at it again in "The Twins" (Nelson, 5s.), and he exhibits the terrible contrast between the good twin and the bad twin in the most laughter-compelling manner. Many children will like "Dutch Doll Ditties" (Longmans, 2s. 6d.), which is illustrated with photographs of real dolls; and this naturally suggests an old friend who has been visiting a new country. "The Golliwogg in Holland," by Florence K. Upton (Longmans, 6s.), is quite as odd and amusing as its numerous predecessors. Miss Edith Farmiloe is another nursery favourite. This year she has written and illustrated "Mr. Biddle and the Dragon" (Skeffington, 2s. 6d.), the humour of which appeals quite as much to grown-ups as to the little ones. In "Pixie Pickles" (Skeffington, 5s.) G. E. Farrow, of Wallypug fame, has told the adventures of Pixene and Pixette in woodland haunts, and they are gracefully illustrated by Harry B. Neilson.

For older children, Messrs. Hachette's publications may be recommended as being amusing and interesting without being too offensively educational. Our old friend "Mon Journal" 1903-4 (10 fr.) is a wonderful miscellany of stories, games, and pictures; "Victor Hugo, Années d'Enfance" (3 fr.), by M. Gustave Simon, will delight thoughtful children; M. Dex's "Vers le Tchad" (3 fr.) is a most exciting tale of adventure in a balloon; while Madame Chéron de la Bruyère's "Fluette," with Tofani's spirited illustrations (3 fr. 50), is the very thing to give to a little girl. Really the cleverest thing that comes from Messrs. Hachette, though by no means the most suitable for children, is "Grandeur et Décadence de Ratatin" (2 fr.), which is simply Gulliver brought up to date with modern Paris for his Lilliput. M. Lans' illustrations in colour are astonishingly vivid.

Religious books for children are naturally a difficulty in view of the divisions of Christendom; but we can see nothing to object to in "Stories from the Bible," by Mrs. L. Haskell (Blackie, 2s.), except that some of the pictures are poorly drawn.

We are inclined to think that those little people who can persuade their elders to get them "Twelve Small Songs for Small People," by Alicia Adelaide Needham (Schott, 4s. net), will find the greatest enjoyment in singing and hearing sung these perfectly delightful ditties.

THE REVIEWER'S CHRISTMAS.

The reviewer drew his chair closer to the fire and hugged his solitude, for he knew himself an Ishmaelite among men, despite his rigid anonymity. It has never been actually confessed that he was the wielder of the stoutest bludgeon in the most ruthless of all critical journals, but the secret was open and the man was suspect. For he lived before the days when the doctrine "one good turn deserves another" had come to be accepted as the watchword of literary coteries. From these, indeed, he lived apart, and when he went into Society, it was society with a big "S" that never felt comfortable in the presence of mere "writing-fellows"; but "X was a power," said those who were supposed to know, so X was received in very exclusive circles, where his name carried weight and inspired the awe of the unknown.

He leaned back, and thought of the shrewd knocks he had dealt during the year, and it pleased him to reflect what he had done to keep the temple of literature well swept and garnished. He had given no quarter—the old standards had been upheld. He glanced round his bookshelves: only masterpieces stood there. The small fry whom he had for his sins to read went swiftly to the second-hand booksellers. There was no pleasure in them—and but little profit. How many years was it since he had seen anything of promise by a new writer? He could not remember. Not since—but he read her book with great bitterness of spirit, and he hardly believed it was he who wrote that tremendous onslaught. He seemed to sit apart from himself and watch some other man do the unjust deed.

It had befallen how differently from his intention! Her work had been in a measure his work; his advice and sympathy had been hers ungrudgingly, and as the book grew, so, too, grew his hopes. But just before it saw the light he learned how secondary, after all, was his place. Had his eye been keener, he ought to have detected the truth long before, so close did it lie to his own life. He was piqued at his lack of acumen, angry at what he was pleased to term deception, although he knew well enough that only his egotism set up any claims to confidence. The devil, he admitted to himself now, it was that had entered into him and prompted him to dip his pen in gall. His pupil had come to him at his office in the first flush of a dawning success, and her gaiety and trust in him all but restored the better part of his manhood. He gave no sign that he had read her secret, and talked lightly of the things of the hour. Relenting, he seized the proof-sheet of his ungenerous attack and would have flung it in the fire; but the realisation of what he had lost stung the green devil anew, and he fell before a fresh temptation. He pushed the proof as though by accident nearer his visitor, and, excusing himself for a moment, left the room.

When he returned he had courage for one glance at her face, and saw it striving to avoid an admission. Still outwardly calm and smiling, she took leave; but he knew he had had his revenge, and it satisfied him—for a moment. He had still three hours before the damning critique should be past his power to recall, and on this Christmas Eve he lived through them again up to the moment when the fiend prevailed. From that day he had known how empty life could be. Often he caught himself imagining a guest that had made his dingy work-room an enchanted palace; he would listen for her footstep, and at times he heard again the rustle of her dress, or thrilled to her touch and the comfort of her great sustaining presence. But as years went on, the phantom came more rarely. At no visit had he dared to meet the dear ghost's eyes.

The hour crept on towards midnight, and the unmelodious waits invited the wakeful and the rudely awakened, on the assumption that they were good Christian men, to "Rejoice! Rejoice!" The man of letters returned from his fancies and growled at the Yuletide minstrels, against whom he bore an old grudge, for they always seemed to amend one carol so as to rebuke him. "Good quill towards men," he thought they sang, and he resented the advice. Once or twice since his fall he had honestly commended a piece of work. Was it twice, or only once? But there was little or no merit on this barren earth. She—insistent ghost—was acclaimed by others as one of the few truly great ones. Even his venom had not prevailed against her. He had paid, too, in other ways for his transgression. A rival in letters had more than once referred, with delicate irony, to his journal's historical failure to estimate at its true worth the first of one woman's novels. But that punishment seemed light at the moments when he stood face to face with the loss of her friendship. Her forgiveness? Impossible, he could not sue for it.

Even if she pardoned him, what would such poor remnants of friendship avail; and the broken strands could never be gathered up again. It was best to let the past bury its own dead. And yet the *amende* was owing, and should be paid. He would ask no answer. He would be content that he had, on his part, acknowledged himself despicable. Atonement to her he knew was impossible. But henceforth he would exercise a larger charity.

The letter lay before him, written. It said little. His professional judgment told him it was adequate; he realised that it was almost a work of art, and hated himself for the self-conscious verdict. But that is the critic's bane. He fought with false hopes of a reconciliation. That was not for him. He rose, and put on his cloak to go to the post, when his eye fell on the unopened evening paper. Turning it over-carelessly, he started, and read one announcement, not once, but many times. Then slowly tearing the letter he had written, he held the now useless lines to the candle-flame and watched them shrivel into ashes.

THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE CARE OF THE YOUNG.

The end of the year proverbially finds civilised mankind in a mood which, if it cannot be described as sentimental in character, is at least marked by an invasion of kindly thoughts and by an exercise of goodwill to their fellows. "Peace and goodwill," let us hope, are more than mere traditions, and even if the influence of Yule and the New Year's advent be regarded as of temporary character only, it is at least reasonable to suppose that none of us can be any the worse for the renewal of the spirit of humanity which the associations of the festival tend to evoke. The present season is one particularly adapted for the exercise of all the charity, kindness, and thought we can afford to bestow on our poorer neighbours. Commercial depression resulting in the compulsory discharge of workmen, a condition of social unrest, and the prospects of a severe winter, are items that conduce to raise grave reflection in our minds. Prominent among the social questions which have cropped up at this season stands "the cry of the children"; and earnest souls among us regard the problems of neglected child-life as among the most crying that await solution.

There is first of all the matter of feeding and clothing the children. Leaving out the too numerous cases in which the vice and drunkenness of parents are responsible for the neglect of offspring, there are in every great centre many cases where the hardships of life prevent parents from being able to discharge their natural duties towards their offspring. Let us bear in mind that we are dealing here with the units which are to represent the men and women of the future. If each generation, as it is, is responsible for the health, vigour, and welfare of the next, it is obvious that the failure to provide the conditions of healthy existence to-day will result in a large present mortality, and also in the survival of a weakly population unfit to do the world's work in an effective fashion. It is a case, here, not of dealing with the inadequate feeding, clothing, and housing of adult frames, but with the nutrition of growing bodies. Feeding the children is really the work of body-building, and it is now that the question is determined whether the future will see the living edifice represented by strong and efficient frames, or, conversely, by what we may term jerry-built structures.

The list of children's troubles, however, is not ended with the recital of their need for food and clothing. Probably as a result of the lack of life's necessities, and partly also as a consequence of parental apathy, we come face to face with defects of body, which seriously handicap the future welfare of the young. The Civic Society of Glasgow recently listened to an admirable address by Dr. A. K. Chalmers, the Medical Officer of Health of that enormous city. I am of opinion that Glasgow, by reason of its great population and by reason of other causes, presents more typical illustrations of social conditions, good and bad, than any other city I know. We can learn much regarding the effect of social conditions on life from the reports which Dr. Chalmers and his colleagues periodically prepare. At the recent meeting Dr. Chalmers threw a lurid light upon the state of matters existing among the school-children of the city in respect of eyesight, and also regarding their feeding.

Some 600 children from four selected schools were examined. Of these 19 per cent. suffered from diseased glands, mostly of a tubercular character, and therefore indicating a grave constitutional taint. Four per cent. showed definite lung troubles, and heart disease prevailed in 5 per cent. of those examined. The throat and nose suffered to the extent of 61 per cent. of the children, and skin troubles were reckoned at nearly 9 per cent. The deformed chest, which is the result of poor bone-nourishment, was found in 16 per cent. Glasgow has always had a reputation for the prevalence of rickets and allied bone-disorders. With regard to defective ears, the proportion was 27 per cent.

Now these records can, of course, be paralleled in most other big centres of population. We may legitimately assume that to-day a terrible amount of physical deficiency prevails among children, and social reformers are naturally inquiring regarding the means to be adopted by way of relief, cure, and prevention of such crying evils. One phase of the remedy is undoubtedly found in the question of feeding and clothing. Here philanthropy steps in to replace parental inability or neglect; but it must strike one that, having regard to the enormous amount of material, so to speak, to be dealt with, private charity must prove inadequate to meet the exigencies of the case. The Poor Children's Dinner Table Society in Glasgow gives to about 12,000 children one meal daily during the winter months, and other agencies on a smaller scale supplement this work. It is all philanthropic, all admirable, but it only touches the fringe of the case, and every year requires a repetition of the charity. We get "no forrarder" in the matter, and when we read of children whose midday hunger is appeased by a bowl of tea (which is not a food), unsweetened and destitute of milk, taken with bread without butter, we may well cease to wonder that child-life goes to the wall in this terrible struggle for existence.

We are accumulating a mass of facts which must certainly form the basis of some national movement or other directed towards the physical salvation of the children of the masses. Surely there will come a decided attempt to institute some national scheme for their rescue. The vicious parents will be prosecuted and made to work for their children's bread, and the righteous poor will be helped. Among our aspirations at this season we may well hope for the betterment of the bairns, for they are in a "parlous state."

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G. SILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.—Your problem appears to be sound, and is marked for insertion.
P. DALY (Brighton).—Your solution was quite right, only you looked for the acknowledgment a little too soon. Problems shall be examined.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—We are much obliged, and trust to find your new contribution fully up to your usual standard.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3153 TO 3155 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3160 from C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.) and Frank William Atchinson (Lincoln); of No. 3161 from Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Frank William Atchinson, A. G. (Pancsoval), and Albert Wolff (Putney); of No. 3162 from Clement C. Danby, Charles Burnett, T. W. W. (Bootham), T. Roberts, Eugene Henry, Frank William Atchinson, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), and Fire Plug.

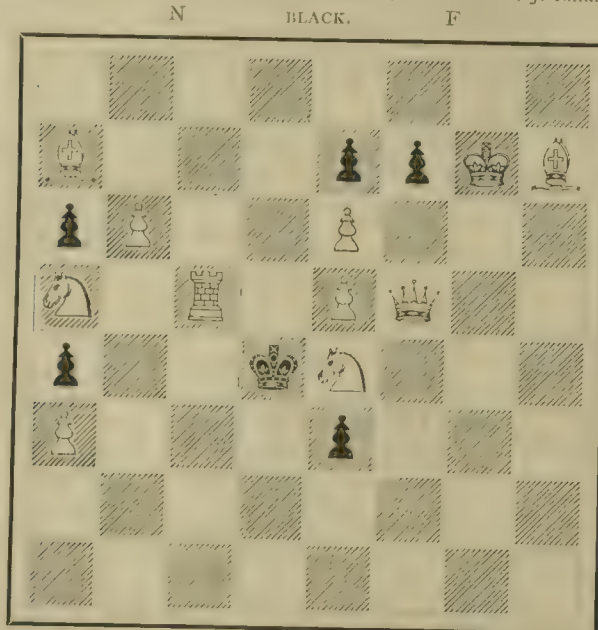
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3163 received from Clement C. Danby, E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), Shadforth, F. Henderson (Leeds), James W. North (Westward Ho), Doryman, Joseph Cook, R. Collins (Brockley), C. C. Haviland (Frimley Green), R. Worters (Canterbury), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), Charles Burnett, J. A. Hancock (Bristol), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Hereward, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), L. Desanges (West Drayton), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Laura Greaves (Shelton), The Tid, F. Ede (Canterbury), Stephen Bishop (London Docks), W. Hardman (Oldham), Jane Neill (Penzance), B. Cafferata, J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), A. W. Roberts (Sandhurst), H. A. Sims (Stockwell), G. T. Hughes (Dublin), E. J. Winter-Wood, Albert Wolff (Putney), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), A. F. Brophy, Mark Dawson (Horsforth), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Café Glacier (Marseilles), Sconic (Anglesey), Sorrento, T. W. W. (Bootham), A. F. Finch (Brighton), T. Roberts, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), W. Hopkinson (Derby), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), and H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3162.—By Sorrento.

WHITE.
1. Kt to R 5th
2. Kt to B 6th (ch)
3. B to R 6th, mate.

If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, 2. B to B 4th (ch); if 1. R takes Q, 2. Kt to Kt 7th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3165 ("N-OEL F-ANTASIE").—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. G. R. WAINWRIGHT and F. E. HAMMOND.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. B to Kt 3rd	R to K R 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. Q to R 5th	B to R 5th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	19. P to B 5th	Q to B 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	Disposing at once of all White's expectations.	
5. Castles	B to K 2nd	20. R to Q sq	Kt to K 2nd
6. R to K sq	P to Q-Kt 4th	21. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to Q 5th (ch)
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. K to R sq	R to Kt 2nd
8. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd	23. Q to K 2nd	Castles
9. P to Q R 4th		24. Kt to B 4th	
It is curious to note the effect of any departure from the recognised lines of an opening on players even of White's calibre. Instead of this advance, play on the centre of the board was essential.			
10. P to R 5th.	P to Kt 5th	25. Q takes Q	Q to B 7th
	P to Kt Kt 4th	26. R to B sq	B takes Q
By this clever move, skilfully directed against White's weakest point, the attack passes into Black's hands, to remain there for the rest of the game.			
11. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 5th	27. P to B 6th	R to Kt 5th
12. B to R 4th	B to K 2nd	White's position is quite hopeless and Black has an effective escape from every danger.	
13. R takes P	Kt takes P	28. B to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
14. P takes P	Q takes P	29. Q to R K sq	R takes K P
15. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	30. B takes B	R takes R
16. P to K B 4th		31. R takes R	Kt takes B
		32. Kt to Q 2nd	R to K sq
		33. R to K B sq	Kt takes B
		34. Kt takes Kt	R to K 4th
		35. R to B 4th	P to B 4th
		36. Kt to Q 2nd	K to B 2nd
		37. K to R 2nd	R to K 7th
		38. Kt to B 4th	R takes B P
		White resigns.	

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By S. LOYD.

White: K at K 4th, Q at K Kt 4th, Kt at Q 5th, R at Q B 8th.

Black: K at Q 3rd, P at K Kt 4th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 2.—By H. TOSCANI.

White: K at Q B 7th, R at K R 4th, Bs at K sq and K Kt 8th, Kt at K B 5th, Ps at Q Kt 2nd and K 2nd.

Black: K at Q B 4th, Ps at K 4th and 5th, and Q Kt 3rd.

White mates in two moves.

No. 3.—By A. F. MACKENZIE.

White: K at Q R sq, Q at K R 4th, Kts at Q 8th and Q 6th, B at Q Kt 8th, Ps at Q Kt 4th and K Kt 3rd.

Black: K at K 4th, Kts at K Kt 2nd and K R 6th, Ps at Q 2nd and Q 4th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 4.—By GODEFREY HEATHCOTE (original contribution).

White: K at Q B 2nd, Q at Q Kt 5th, Kt at Q B sq, P at K R 2nd.

Black: K at K 8th, Kt at K B 5th, Ps at K Kt 2nd and K B 7th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 5.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

White: K at Q 2nd, R at K Kt 2nd, Bs at K R 3rd and Q Kt 8th.

Black: K at K B 6th, P at Q B 4th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 6.—By H. MAXWELL PRIDRAUX.

White: K at Q Kt sq, Q at K Kt 7th, R at Q 3rd, Kt at Q B 4th.

Black: K at Q 3rd, P at Q 4th.

White mates in three moves.

Solutions will be acknowledged.

The Barmen Chess Club announces in connection with an International Chess Congress, to be held during 1905 a problem tournament for mates in two, three, and four moves. The problems must be original and not previously published, and are to be sent in by March 1, 1905. There are other rules, which can be obtained from the secretary, Herr Schroder, Barmen, Berlinerstrasse 45.

PENETRATION OF SHIPS' ARMOUR BY PROJECTILES.

BY CAPTAIN F. G. JACKSON.

No nation approaches the position held to-day by Great Britain as a maker of war-ships, though other countries—notably, Germany—do something in that way, and far more in supplying armament, such as guns and rifles; and even in guns, one English firm alone has turned out, within the last ten years, no fewer than 4225 machine-guns, small quick-firing guns, and pieces of larger calibre of from 5 in. to 12 in. In armour-plating for war-ships, not less than 200,000 tons, from 2 in. to 18 in. thick, have been manufactured in Great Britain during the last ten years, from the older compound iron and steel armour to the mild, nickel, Harvey, Krupp-cemented, and Krupp non-cemented steel plates of to-day.

A constant struggle is always going on between the firms that make armour-plates and those that make guns and projectiles, though these firms are often rival departments of the same great establishment. The old armour-plates of wrought-iron could keep out shells of a diameter equal to their own thickness, except at short ranges. The Palliser shot, however, with hardened point, soon disqualified iron plates. Then a steel face was welded to a wrought-iron back; this was beaten, and then plates were made wholly of steel. A fresh advance in projectiles was met by various hardening processes applied to the face of the steel plate. A splinter of Krupp-hardened steel, it is said, will scratch glass like a diamond. This intensely strong resistive had the effect of either throwing off the projectiles when they struck at an angle, or of breaking them up, even when they penetrated the plate.

The makers of projectiles responded by fitting the points of their missiles with softer caps of mild-steel, so that they should "bite" on the plates instead of slipping off when striking at an angle, and should be protected and supported in penetrating the plates. This cap—one effective variety of which is known as the "Johnson cap"—is the last word up to the present of the "attack" as against the "defence."

All modern projectiles are fired from rifled guns, and are cylindrical in shape, with conical heads. To keep them point first, and to correct deviation from the course, they are made to revolve on their own axis while travelling: this is the purpose of the rifling of the gun with spiral grooves. The projectile is made to follow the grooves by having a "driving band" of copper on the shell which is rather larger in diameter than the bore of the gun, and is forced into the grooves by the explosion of the charge, compelling the projectile to follow the grooves. The latest American invention is to fit the projectile with ball-bearings to avoid friction and damage to the grooves and inner tube of the gun; if practicable, this should enable an even higher velocity, and thus a longer range, to be obtained from guns.

Projectiles are divided into two classes, according as they are designed for destroying and piercing material obstacles or for killing men. In the first class come armour-piercing solid shot and shell, and "common shell" filled with gunpowder or with high explosives, such as gun-cotton, lyddite, melinite, etc. The second class is chiefly shrapnel shell, but there is also "segment shell," and common shell may be used for the purpose—besides "case shot," which scatters its bullets from the mouth of the gun, and is only available at very short range.

Armour-piercing shot are solid projectiles made of the very best steel, and hardened on the head to give them more power of penetration. Armour-piercing shells are similar, but have a comparatively small bursting charge of powder or some high explosive, to be fired by a fuse at the base of the shell. To place the fuse at the nose of the shell would weaken it too much for penetrating armour. The solid shot goes through plates better, but does far less damage, as the shell explodes inside the plating of a ship or in the wall of a fort. Very satisfactory results are now obtained by fitting these armour-piercing projectiles with the "Johnson cap" of soft steel, already mentioned; with this cap a projectile that would otherwise fail to perforate a hardened steel plate will sometimes go right through it and explode on the other side.

Common shells are not specially hardened like armour-piercing projectiles, and have a much larger bursting charge. They may get through their diameter of wrought iron, but hardened steel need only be more than half their diameter to repel them; for instance, common shell from a 6-in. gun would not get through four inches of Krupp armour. Common shells, if filled with powder, are often sharp-pointed, with a base fuse; for high explosives the fuse is in the nose of the shell, owing to the danger of a premature explosion inside the gun.

Shrapnel shells, which are those chiefly used against troops in the open and in slight fortifications, as in the present war, have a comparatively thin steel body, chiefly filled with iron or lead bullets fixed by some substance like resin, with a bursting charge of powder at the base. The head of the shell is not strongly attached, and contains a time or percussion fuse, so that when the shell strikes an obstacle or reaches its range and bursts, the head is blown off and the bullets scatter from the shell like small shot from a gun.

The armour-piercing shot or shell goes through a special method of manufacture. It is made of the very best steel, sometimes alloyed to give additional strength, and is cast or forged to a size very slightly larger than its intended dimensions. A groove is turned round it to hold the "driving-band" that takes the rifling, and the shot or shell is then hardened by heating the head of it till red-hot and cooling it suddenly in water or oil. The scale produced by this process is ground off the shell, the driving-band is pressed into its groove by hydraulic power and turned down to its proper size, and the projectile is ready. If a shell, it must have its bursting-charge and fuse put in before firing.

THE PIERCING POWER PENETRATION OF

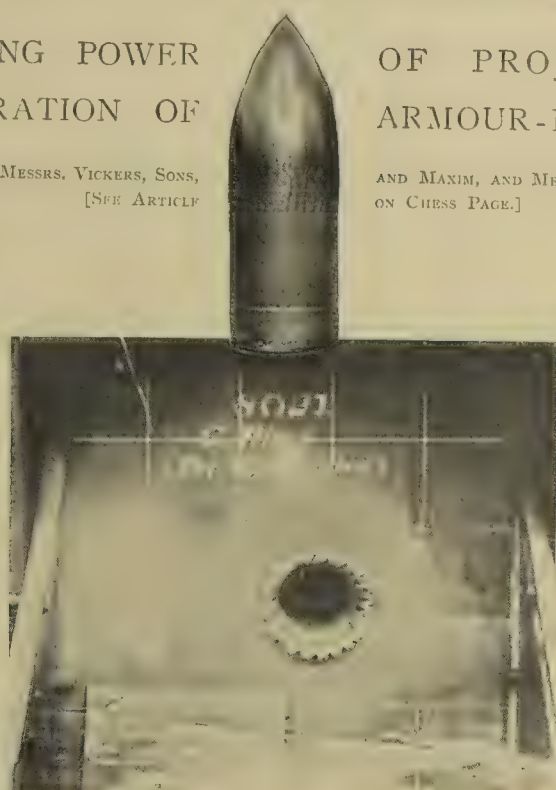
OF PROJECTILES: ARMOUR-PLATES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. VICKERS, SONS,
[SEE ARTICLE]

AND MAXIM, AND MESSRS. HADFIELD
ON CHIEF PAGE.]



1. MODEL OF HARD-FACED HARVEY-KRUPP STEEL ARMOUR-PLATE, PIERCED BY HADFIELD'S 4.7-INCH CAPPED CAST PROJECTILE. PLATE INCLINED 20 DEGREES.



2. AS THOUGH IT WERE BUTTER: EFFECT OF A HADFIELD 10-INCH ARMOUR-PIERCING SHOT AGAINST A 15.5-INCH STEEL PLATE.



3. EFFECT OF A HADFIELD 4.7-INCH CAPPED CAST PROJECTILE ON A HARVEY NICKEL-STEEL PLATE INCLINED 20 DEGREES.



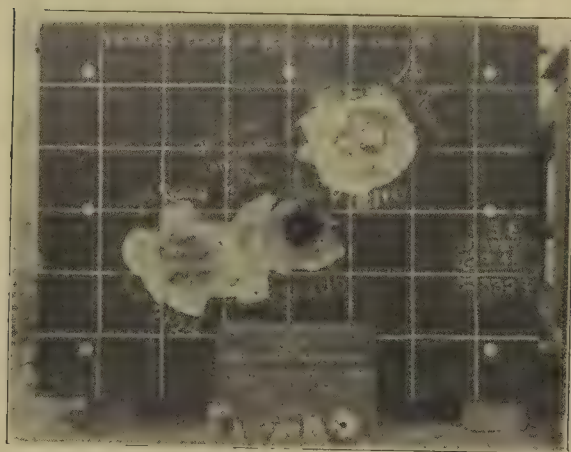
4. A 6-INCH ARMOUR-PIERCING SHOT AFTER PENETRATING A PLATE.

5. THE JOHNSON SOFT-METAL CAP ON A 6-INCH SHOT. The cap enables the shot to bite the plate, and prevents planing off.

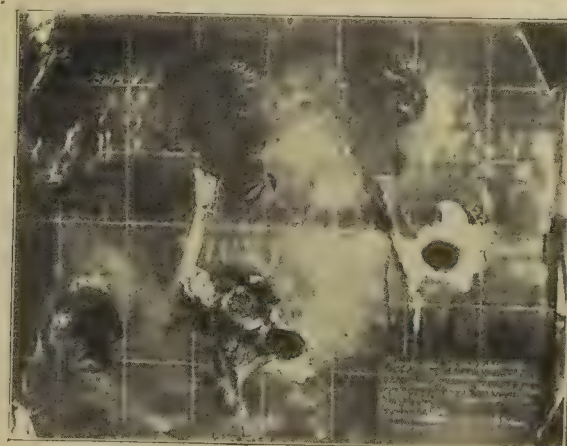
6. A HADFIELD 6-INCH SHELL, UNINJURED AFTER TWICE PENETRATING A 9-INCH COMPOUND PLATE.



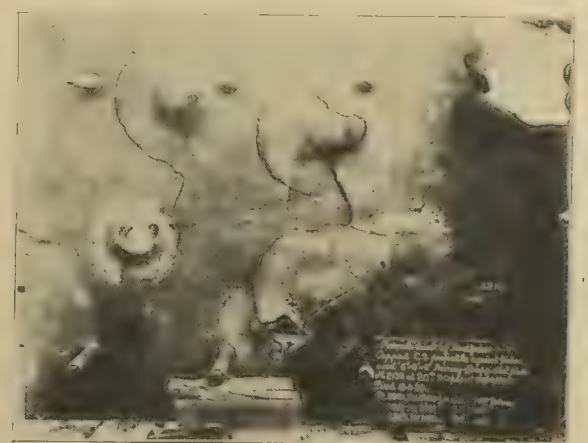
7. EFFECTS OF SHOT ON A VICKERS-KRUPP CEMENTED PLATE. These experimental shots are fired usually at short ranges of a hundred yards or so.



8. WITH THE JOHNSON CAP AND WITHOUT: EFFECTS OF CAPPED AND UNCAPPED SHOT ON A VICKERS-KRUPP CEMENTED PLATE.



9. A HARVEY-KRUPP STEEL PLATE PIERCED BY HADFIELD'S 4.7-INCH SHOT.



10. THE SAME PLATE AS 9, SHOWING EMERGENCE OF SHOTS AND BULGES IN PLATE.



11. FRONT VIEW OF 10.5-INCH COMPOUND ARMOUR-PLATE PENETRATED BY FOUR HADFIELD'S 6-INCH CAST STEEL PROJECTILES.



12. SIDE VIEW OF PLATE FIGURED IN 11, SHOWING SHOTS AFTER PENETRATION.



13. BACK VIEW OF PLATE FIGURED IN 11, SHOWING EMERGENCE OF SHOTS.

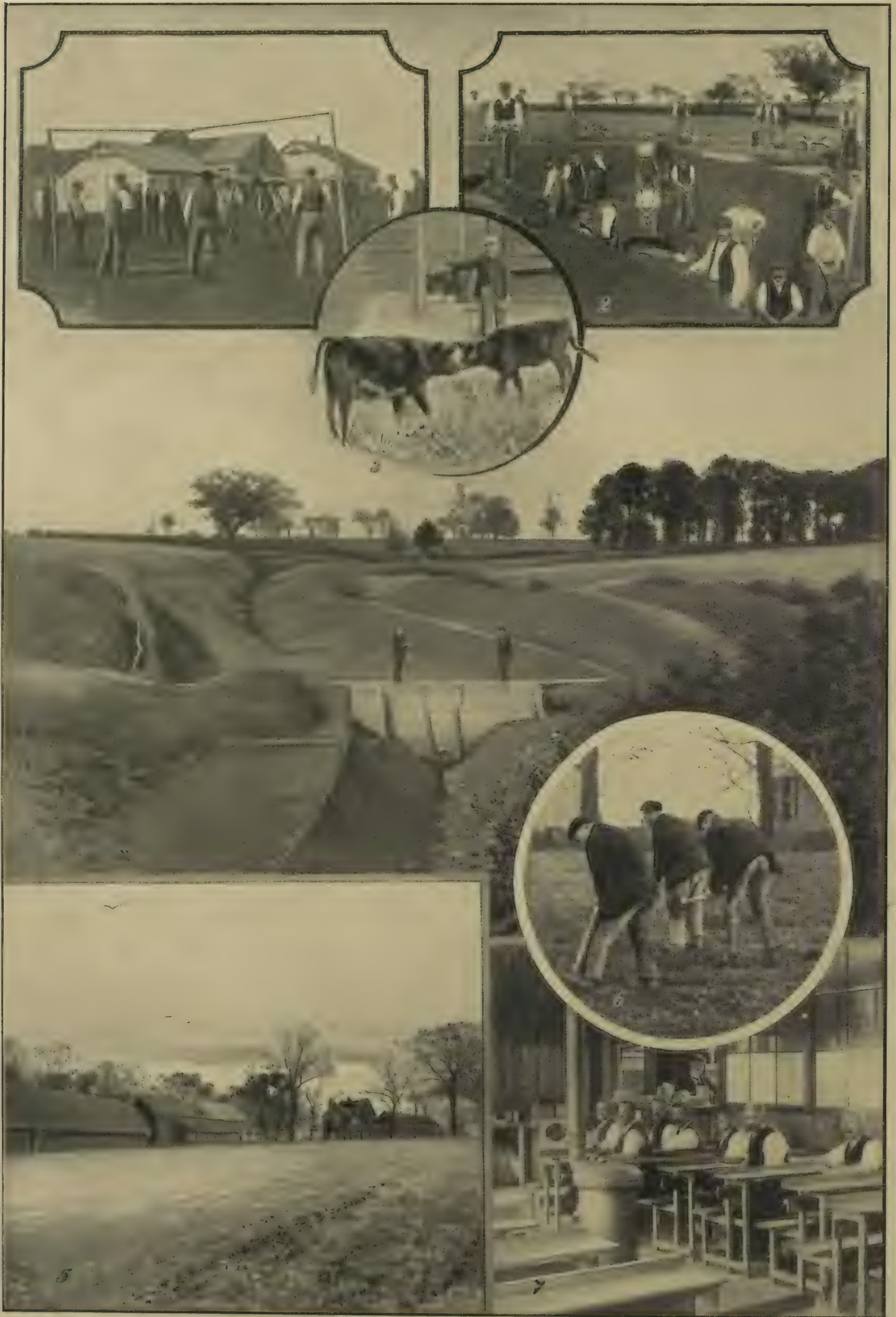


DANCING AWAY THEIR CHRISTMAS EVE.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLEET.

A GREAT SOCIAL EXPERIMENT: FIELD-LABOUR IN PLACE OF THE WORKHOUSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOYE VISE.



1. SATURDAY AFTERNOON'S RECREATION.

2. DIGGING A RESERVOIR.

3. TWO OF THE COLONISTS' CHARGES.

4. WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY THE COLONISTS: THE EXCAVATIONS FOR THE RESERVOIR.

5. WHERE MEN ARE RESCUED FROM PAUPERISM: THE FARM BUILDINGS AT LAINDON.

6. A WELCOME EXCHANGE FROM THE FUTILITY OF THE WORKHOUSE: FIELD-LABOUR.

7. THE SCENE OF REFRESHMENT AFTER TOIL: THE DINING-HALL AT LAINDON.

On another page we give a descriptive article of this farm colony, where a large number of men, formerly inmates of Poplar Workhouse, are voluntarily learning to be agricultural labourers.

A WARNING TO POETS: HIS LATEST EFFORT AND HIS LOST OPPORTUNITY.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



"But he saw not her thoughts were elsewhere."—KEATS (Adapted).

A JAPANESE SANTA CLAUS: A CHIEF OF THE HAIRY AINUS AND HIS PEOPLE.

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS C. BURNSIDE-JOHNSON.



A FUTURE VICTIM: A YOUNG BEAR TO BE FATTENED FOR SACRIFICE.



A DANCE IN HONOUR OF THE BEAR IN AN AINU VILLAGE.



A PAIR-ARCHAL AINU ARISTOCRAT AND A WOMAN OF THE TRIBE.



A FINE TYPE OF AINU: A WOODMAN AT WORK WITH A CROSS-CUT SAW.



OFFERINGS TO THE VICTIM: THE SOLEMN SACRIFICE OF THE BEAR AT AN AINU FESTIVAL.

The Ainus, who are rapidly becoming extinct, live in the south east of the Island of Yezo. They never cut their hair, which they consider sacred; and the women have a curious fashion of tattooing their upper lips with the representation of a moustache, which gives their otherwise gentle faces a peculiarly ferocious look. They worship the bear, which they celebrate with sacred dances. The victim is fattened for the sacrifice, and just before being put to death is presented with offerings of food. The aged man in the central photograph is the brother of the chief Penri, mentioned by the late Mrs. Bishop.

FORTUNE-TELLING BY MOLTEN LEAD: A GERMAN CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Dec. 24, 1904, p. 93

READING THE FUTURE IN LEAD CASTINGS.

During the evenings between Christmas and the New Year, casting lead is an amusement much in vogue in Germany, especially among young people. Two pieces of lead are melted in an iron spoon over a spirit lamp, and are then quickly poured into a bowl of cold water. The person who drops the lead is supposed to see in the various shapes assumed by the metal something symbolical of his or her future, and great amusement is found in tracing out the fancied forms of faces, ships, trains, and, in fact, whatever the imagination or the wish of the experimenter suggests.

YOUNG JAPAN'S PLAYTHINGS, AND SOME CHINESE AND KOREAN TOYS



SHIP AND CREW: A CHINESE PLAYTHING.



TOY LOCUST, SPIDER, AND LIZARD.

THE little Japanese girls play with a doll which is exactly typical of the women of the country. It has the same angular almond eyes, the oval face, and wears the gorgeous kimono. Those who have seen Japanese dolls in this country have probably been struck by their uniform baldness, but to the little Japanese girl this is only another accessory to the pleasure of her plaything; for the doll has any number of wigs which enable her to change her coiffure as many times as her owner desires. Each little wig has its own little stand, as is shown in our Illustration. Readers of recent books on things Japanese will remember that the children have an annual festival of dolls, for which one particular doll is kept sacred. It is played with only on the feast-day, and for the rest of the year



JAPANESE DOLLS' KITCHEN CUPBOARD.

faithful representation of a Japanese interior, complete even to the little cupboards, perfectly appointed. The Japanese children are very fond of the dolls' theatre, and their taste for legerdemain leads them to prefer juggling and conjuring toys to any others. The same taste is shared by young China; but, generally speaking, the Chinese children prefer less intellectual amusement than the Japanese. The business spirit of the Chinese Empire is reflected in the rising generation, and small imitations of commerce play a large part in the Chinese children's lives. The owners of little toy carts organise mimic trading expeditions. The boys also play at war with ships and soldiers. The less active Chinese girl has many beautiful little toys of lacquer, ivory, and porcelain.



THE TOY GYMNAST (KOREAN).

it is put carefully away. These festival dolls usually represent some person of note, and this year it is not difficult to guess that many of the puppets have borne the names of Japan's great generals. The Japanese dolls' house is a very



THE TOY HORSEMAN (CHINESE).



THE TOY GYMNAST (KOREAN).



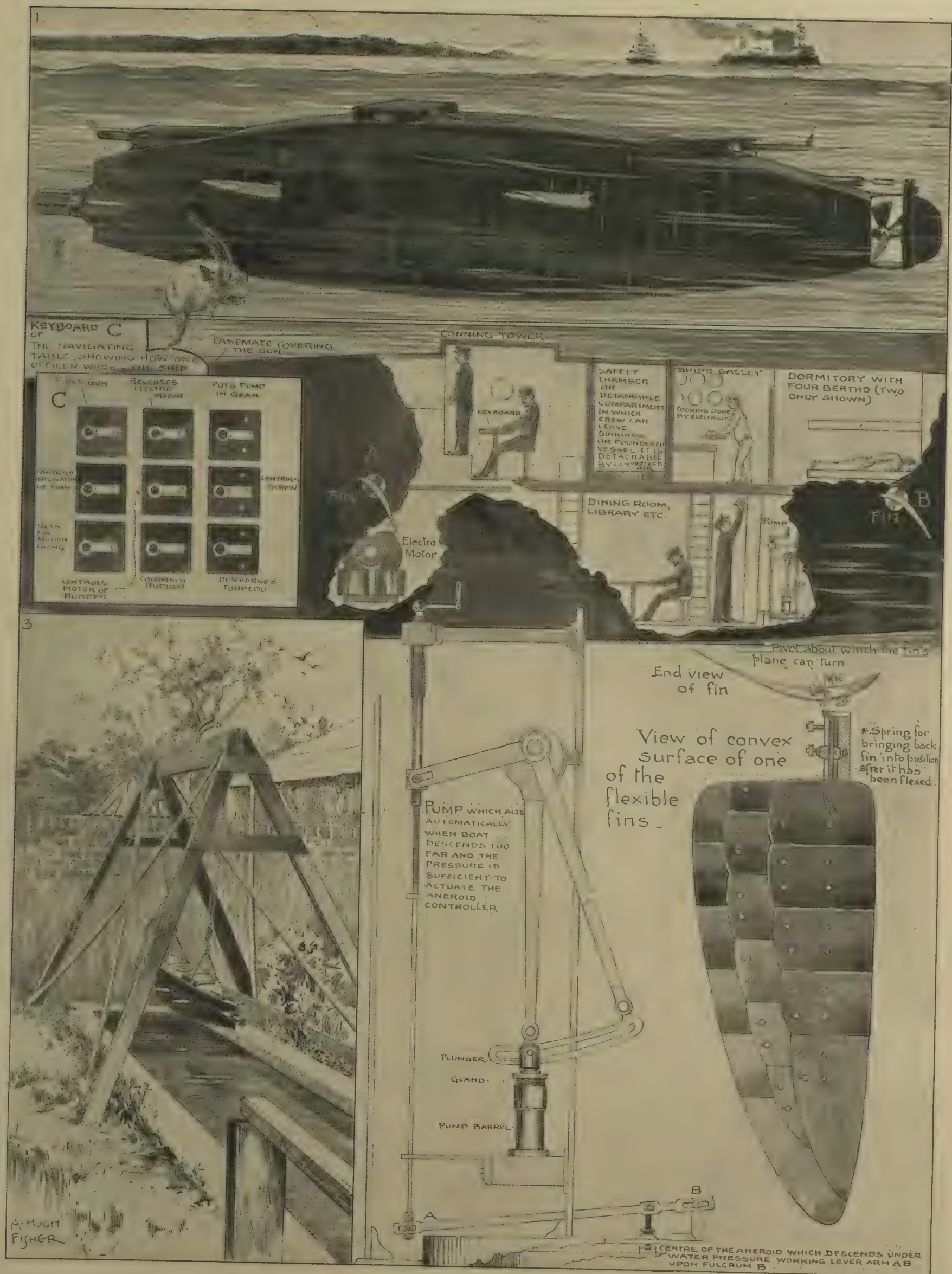
THE LADY OF THE SIX WIGS: A LUXURIOUS JAPANESE DOLL.



HORSE AND CARRIAGE (CHINESE).

FINS ON A SUBMARINE: MIDDLETON'S SYSTEM OF UNDER-WATER NAVIGATION.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. NEARLY CREWLESS SEA-GOING SUBMARINE, FITTED WITH FINS DRIVEN BY ELECTRO-MOTORS.

2. PART OF BOAT WITH SIDE BROKEN AWAY TO SHOW INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS OF A 300-TON SUBMARINE.

3. MR. MIDDLETON'S TRIAL TANK AT HOVE, WITH THE 2-CWT. MODEL SLUNG UP TO SHOW FINS.

The salient peculiarity of this system is that the vessels are propelled, impelled, directed, and controlled by fins, the screw-propeller fitted in addition being purely to simplify the mechanism impressing the proper motion on the fins. The fins are a new instrument of impulsion invented for the purpose of enabling a vessel to be navigated in tridimensional space, and not merely in motion in two dimensions like the screw-propeller. A submarine vessel should be capable of moving even better in a vertical plane than a horizontal one, and the use of these fins enables it to raise and lower itself apart from alterations of buoyancy. Three men are sufficient to navigate the Middleton vessel and fight it. Six allows a change of watch. A and B represent the fins flexed for raising the boat.

LADIES' PAGE.

Here we are at the last week of Leap Year; and the traditional chance of the courageous damsel will be gone for three years after these few days more! I wonder if, in sober fact, women ever do propose in Leap Year, and if men would like them to do so! Queen Victoria had to undertake this difficult task: for women regnant it is perpetual Leap Year; and Professor Petrie thinks that he finds indications in the old Egyptian stories—the popular tales of 4000 years ago—that under the "Matriarchal" system, or rule of women, adopted by that marvellous ancient race, it was customary for all women to express their preferences, and that the priestesses of Ammon at Thebes, at any rate, continued to propose down to comparatively recent times. Then again, the situation of the woman doing the love-making is a very popular one with male novelists; that is surely a reliable indication in the case. Only once, so far as I know, has a woman writer placed her beloved heroine in such a situation. Mrs. Browning, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," brings that "very noble lady" to such a pass with her Bertram. But men writers rejoice in it for their favourite female creations. Dickens, Charles Reade, Thomas Hardy, Blackmore in his masterpiece, "Lorna Doone," Longfellow in his "Miles Standish," and too many others to mention, have delightedly depicted in fiction the situation of the woman offering her hand in marriage to a bashful or dull man. Perhaps many a young



A LOVELY CHIFFON GOWN.

It is ruffled and frilled, and further trimmed with garlands of red roses.

lover in the agonies of considering where and when the fateful question shall be put has envied the female privilege of waiting to be asked. But there is a very dark side to that advantage. How would a kind-hearted, gentle-tempered, and utterly courteous youth like to have to refuse an offer?

Of course the right of rejection must be granted to the men by any ladies who propose. That is mere fair-play. When the all-conquering Aurelian had pitted his personal genius for war against the beautiful and hitherto unconquered Zenobia, and had at last taken her prisoner to Rome, he had her carried loaded with gilded fetters in his triumphal progress. When he was reproached for doing this, a woman captive having never before been carried through the streets of Rome by a conqueror, he replied: "She could fight and she could conquer like a man, and in her adversity she must expect to be treated like a man." And that is the verdict of justice and common-sense. If a woman insists on having a man's rights, privileges, and full opportunities, she must accept the corresponding drawbacks and liabilities. In the matter in hand, if she will propose, she will have to bear rejection! But still, I pity the situation of a tender-hearted, gracious, sensitive youth proposed to by a lady whom he feels it to be impossible to accept!

Perhaps some device that will rescue him from any need of speech at all could become the fashion. In Iceland if a man intends to propose he provides himself with a particular sort of little cake, and goes to call on his beloved. He silently places his offering before her, and waits. She may wait a little while till she thinks the matter over. But she must not delay too long, for if she does not make up her mind to eat of it, he will presently arise and go forth, definitely rejected, without a word. If the maiden is willing to carry on the affair provisionally, she tastes a crumb only; but if she is prepared heartily and generously to surrender her troth, she takes the cake and eats up every morsel before the eyes of her happy lover—then it is a recognised engagement. In the Tyrol, again, they have an old custom of allowing the drinking or refusal of a glass of wine to be the method of silent acceptance or refusal. The youth calls at the girl's house with a bottle of wine, and pours out a glassful, which he offers to her. It is never refused point-blank, but if the proposal does not please, none is drunk, but the glass is presently set down untouched,

with the excuse that she does not feel thirsty, or she thinks it will not agree with her just then. The signal that the proposal is premature but not disliked is to take a small sip from the glass; and cordial acceptance drains the bumper at once. It is considered most unfortunate if any of the wine is spilt in handling it: so much so that the peasants' locution for conjugal unhappiness is, "They have spilled the wine between them." Something of this kind may possibly be arranged here before next Leap Year!

London has been so full this last week or two as to remind one of the height of the season. Bond Street and Piccadilly have been blocked with smart carriages, and well-known faces were seen in all the shops. Besides the Christmas present-purchasing, there have been several Society events to bring people to town. There was the baptism of the Duke of Westminster's heir, and there were several smart weddings. The one most fashionably attended was that of Commander Pelly, R.N., with Miss Lillian Vincent, daughter of Sir William Vincent. St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, included in the congregation for this ceremony Princess Christian and her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Louise Augusta; Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Princess Victoria Eugénie; and the Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alexander of Teck. Commander Pelly was known to the royal family from having served on the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*: the gallant officer was married in his uniform. The bride wore white Duchesse satin embroidered with pearls and decorated with flounces of beautiful Brussels lace. It was a "white wedding," for the maids' gowns were of ivory satin with lace boleros edged with narrow bands of brown panne, and flecked with mother-of-pearl sequins, and their hats were of pleated chiffon trimmed with white ostrich-tips, and the edges covered with brown panne. The bridesmaids carried sheaves of lovely lilies tied with black and gold ribbons. The bridegroom gave them pendants set with the naval crown in pearls and turquoises. There were two small pages in white man-of-war suits, and the bridegroom had the happy thought of giving them, as a memento of the occasion, their bo'sun's whistles in gold engraved with the date. Amongst the group of Princesses, the fashionable colours violet and brown were seen. The Duchess of Albany wore a handsome gown and toque of cardinal-violet velvet embroidered in jet, with a sealskin cape. The two younger Princesses of Schleswig-Holstein had brown face-cloth gowns brightened with orange velvet. Princess Christian wore grey corduroy velvet, and a black hat trimmed with feathers, together with a sable cape. Princess Henry of Battenberg was in black silk lined with white satin, which was seen through the wide black lace insertions.

Every week the Louis Seize style of bodice is growing in favour for evening gowns. The characteristic feature, the one "that leaps to the eye," is the very deep and sharply pointed front to the bodice. The narrow peak comes far down over the skirt in front, and thence it is sharply cut up to the hips. The skirt is then, if the style be thoroughly followed, constructed with a perfectly flat and quite narrow tablier, and from either side of that there is a very considerable fullness in gathers or pleats going all round the waist except just at the immediate front. On such a gathered or pleated skirt much trimming is out of place. A rich flounce of lace set to go round the skirt except across the front, low down, is very desirable; and the flat front of the skirt, as also the vest, should be, if possible, covered with a flat piece of good lace; but the characteristic decoration up the front, bodice and skirt both, which should not be omitted, whether the fine lace is forthcoming or not, consists of a flight of little bows, preferably in velvet. These are graduated in size corresponding to the width of the tablier and the vest. Thus, at the foot of the tablier the bow will be perhaps eight inches across, while just above the knee it will be only five; then there may be an untrimmed interval of tablier; and then on the peak of the bodice (which is several inches below the waist, remember) is set the naggiest, daintiest little bow that fingers can make, the ladder of bows thence gradually widening up to the décolletage.

As to the materials suitable for these gowns, supple satin or the equally soft and well-draping modern varieties of velvet are most suitable. Brocades were the favoured material of Marie Antoinette's own day, but are not much used just now. Satin and velvet are not infrequently combined in one gown. A deep band of velvet will be placed round the base of the skirt instead of the lace previously mentioned, and the décolletage will be trimmed to harmonise. The bodice is not always made with a vest; there may be instead down the centre a narrow rouleau of velvet, which precisely at the peak forms the whole width; and, starting from this central point, the soft satin may be firmly

folded round the figure. Furthermore, the deeply peaked bodice is not infrequently made perfectly tight-fitting (say when the material is a soft silk), with a skirt set into pleats or gathers all the way round without a distinct tablier, the corsage itself being so nearly covered with a deep loosely falling berthe of lace that the prim tightness of its fit, just visible under the draping lace, has a *chic* of its own. It hooks up the back.

Here are two or three beautiful models of *le dernier cri*. A sky-blue soft silk figured lightly all over its surface with little wreaths of pink rosebuds; it is set by full shirrings all round into the waist, and trimmed only by a band of rose-pink velvet about five inches wide set a few inches above the foot of the gown, beneath which come three or four little flounces of blue gauze. The corsage, plain and tight-fitting, terminating with a very deep peak, is of the figured silk, the décolletage outlined with a flat band of pink velvet, from which hangs a berthe of blue gauze in many narrow frillings, this same befrilled gauze forming also the short but very full puffed sleeves. Again, here is a white chiffon velvet trimmed with an appliqué of black velvet cut out in a scroll pattern, outlined with black lace insertion and adorned with motifs of white lace laid on the black velvet surface at intervals; this handsome trimming passes down either side of the flat tablier, and also round the skirt at three places (the highest well above the knee, the lowest touching the carpet); the tablier is left flat and quite untrimmed. The peaked bodice of the white chiffon velours is set into a flat band of black velvet that outlines the curves of the corsage. There is a deep berthe of white lace headed by a band of the same black velvet scroll trimming, this black velvet with its white lace motifs overhanging the full berthe of white lace; and above that again is a wide twist of the white velvet in which to pin the diamond brooches. Finally, I will describe a golden brown satin, the skirt gauged at four intervals, each gauging headed with a rouleau of orange velvet and a line of dark brown fur; the corsage is very fully gauged at the top, and this fullness slightly pouches above a deep swathed belt of orange velvet; the décolletage is outlined with fur and trimmed at the left side of the shoulder with a chou in which orange velvet, brown silk, and fur are cleverly combined. The fashions of the present day will, I think, stand the test of time better than many of their predecessors, for we have learned the artistic value of long lines, which in draperies always make for permanency.



THE SIMPLE STATELINESS OF VELVET.

A dark velvet afternoon gown. Lower sleeves and vest of guipure lace.

Mrs. Pomeroy, whose refreshing and beautifying face-treatment is so well known and appreciated in London, and who has already branches of her complexion-improving business in various large English towns and in South Africa, is now offering Scotch ladies the opportunity of profiting by her skill. Mrs. Pomeroy has just opened a new branch in Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. When she is not there in person, her assistants, thoroughly trained by herself, are competent to carry out all her most successful plans of face massage and treatment, which are hygienic and sensible, and in no way associated with quackery.

FILOMENA.

"We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun

'Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.'

—WHITTIER.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIZE—TO THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION!

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

THIS WAS A MAN!"

—SHAKSPERE.

NOBILITY. "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not* to the *cleverest* boy, nor the *most bookish* boy, nor to the most *precise, diligent, and prudent* boy, but to the NOBLEST boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN."—SMILES.

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is
PURE and BRIGHT
IN your YOUTH; for what
is
TRUE and TRIED
IN the AGE of OTHERS;
for all that is GRACIOUS
AMONG the LIVING,
GREAT among the DEAD,
AND MARVELLOUS in
the POWER
THAT CANNOT DIE.'
RUSKIN.
IF I take the wings of the
morning and
DWELL in the uttermost
parts
OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY
POWER IS THERE.'
KNOWEST thou ANY
CORNER of the WORLD
WHERE at least FORCE
is not!

THE WITHERED LEAF CANNOT DIE;

DETACHED!
SEPARATED! I say
there is
NO SUCH SEPARATION:
Nothing hitherto
WAS ever stranded; cast
aside;
BUT ALL, were it only a
withered leaf,
WORKS together with
all; is BORNE FORWARD on
THE BOTTOMLESS,
SHORELESS FLOOD of ACTION,
AND LIVES THROUGH
PERPETUAL META-
MORPHOSES.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."—LONGFELLOW.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

The JEOPARDY OF LIFE is Immensely Increased without such a Simple Precaution as

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(READ THE PAMPHLET GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.)

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

THE Withered Leaf IS
NOT DEAD and LOST.
THERE are Forces in it
and
AROUND it, though
working in inverse order.
ELSE how could it ROT?
DESPISE NOT the RAG
from which
MAN MAKES PAPER, or
the
LITTER from which
THE EARTH makes
CORN.
RIGHTLY viewed,
NO MEANEST OBJECT is
INSIGNIFICANT;
ALL Objects are as
WINDOWS, through
which the
PHILOSOPHIC EYE
looks into
INFINITUDE ITSELF.

CARLYLE.

MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY
PROVES that matter is
INDESTRUCTIBLE.
INTELLECT—UNDER-
STANDING, GENIUS,
ABILITY, SENSE—is
without doubt
SUPERIOR to MATTER;
then it is
NOT LOGIC to Preserve
the INFERIOR and
DESTROY the SUPERIOR
THE following beautiful
lines from LONGFELLOW'S
'RESIGNATION' are
TRUE:

ART NOTES.

The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House will bring together the pictures of two painters who were long near neighbours in Kensington,—a local link which may be recalled in the presence of few other affinities—Watts and Prinsep. Prinsep was, indeed, at one time a pupil of Watts, though so little sign of the discipleship was apparent in his later work. In the later 'fifties Watts lived with the Prinseps, at Little Holland House. Thither, one day, was Burne-Jones taken by Rossetti. "It was a day he was rich," wrote Burne-Jones, "and so we went in a hansom; and he said, 'You must know these people, Ned; they are remarkable people: you will see a painter there—he paints a queer sort of pictures about God and creation.'" That, of course, was Watts; and he and Prinsep together made the acquaintance of Rossetti—an artist who painted a sort of pictures that were generally supposed to be queerer still.

When Burne-Jones, Morris, and Rossetti conceived the idea of decorating the walls of the Union at Oxford, they pressed Prinsep into the service. They were men, most of them, who loved legends, and were not above making one on occasion. That was why they said that Prinsep, arriving at Oxford, said to the cabman, "Drive me to the Union," and found himself quickly at the doors of the workhouse. Where he did in fact find himself was at Rossetti's dinner-table, with Morris and Burne-Jones as fellow-guests. There was a flow of the bowl and of the soul. "Read us one of your grinds, Morris," cried Rossetti from the sofa, on which he was curled up in a plum-coloured coat. "No, Gabriel, you have heard them all." The young poet must always parley. "Never mind," said Rossetti, "here's Prinsep, who has never

heard them." And then the young poet, like all young poets, yielded with alert reluctance. "Very well, old chap," he growled, and then began to read in a sing-song chant some of the verse afterwards put into print.

Burlington House will also gather together some of the scattered and fitful work of the late Mr.

it during the artist's life: one wonders how it will fare in the eyes of a new generation now that he is dead.

That quaint artist Mr. Nico W. Jungmann holds an exhibition of his water-colours of Norway at the Dowdeswell Galleries. His quaintness is, we

imagine, partly conscious, partly unconscious. It is unconscious in so far as it has to do with his lack of technical freedom; conscious in regard to the frank colour and stiff posing of his Dutch models—or Dutch dolls, for such they indeed are. The character of the people is not entirely wooden, as may be discovered from those drawings of outdoor scenes which alone have any life. Mr. Jungmann is able to put action into figures when he is dealing with groups at a great distance, as in the drawing of "Ski Sports—the Great Holmen-collen Outside Christiania." A tiny figure comes flying towards the spectator over the white slope of snow, while all along his wonderful course stand figures whose black garments tell well against the white ground. An amusing and clever drawing is that of the Houses of Parliament, Christiania, which are seen through falling snow. The main objects of the picture are some distance removed, while against this distant background are drawn the large flakes that were quite near the artist as he worked. This record of observed but slightly fantastic fact is almost Japanese in character and effect.

M. Rodin has just completed a bust of Mrs. Charles Hunter, a lady already known to the art-loving public as the sitter to other fortunate artists—Mr. Sargent, Signor Mancini, and Signor Boldini. W. M.



EFFECT OF THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE GUN-BOAT "SLANEY" AND THE COLLIER "SWAN":
THE HUGE RENT IN THE SIDE OF THE "SLANEY."

The "Slaney" was patched up after the collision, and was on December 13 towed into Chatham Dockyard for repairs.

Frederick Sandys, an artist also associated with the Rossetti group, if only as the caricaturist of the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers. The famous cartoon he published at their expense gained him their friendship—one of their many acts of personal generosity. The work of Mr. Sandys was uneven; but it had character. Little recognition was accorded

of observed but slightly fantastic fact is almost Japanese in character and effect.

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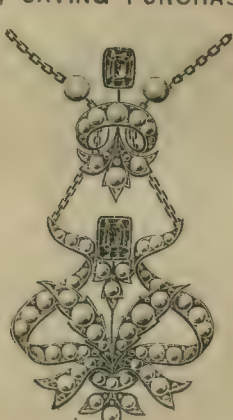
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Fine Gold and Pearl Miniature Locket, with Crystal Glass, £2 10s.



Fine Pearl and Emerald Pendant Necklace, with Platinum Chain, £15.



Fine Gold Spider and Fly Safety-Pin Lace Brooch, £2 2s.



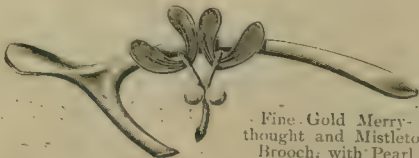
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Fine Diamond and Enamel Motto Charm, £1.



Finely Modelled Gold Monkeys on See-Saw, £1 15s.



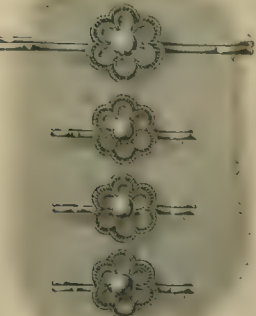
Fine Gold Merrythought and Mistletoe Brooch, with Pearl Berries, £1 5s.



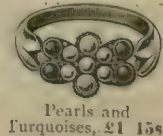
Finely Carved Crystal Bowl, with painted fish, £1 8s. 6d.



Fine Gold Merrythought, with Ruby and Pearl Fly, £1 10s.



Fine Gold, Enamel, and Pearl Blouse Pins, complete in Lizard Skin Case, £5 5s.



Pearls and Turquoise, £1 15s.



Fine Gold and Enamel Sweep and Broom Charm, £1.



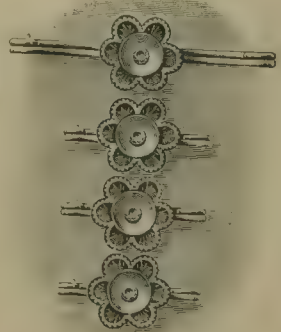
Fine Gold Curb Chain Flexible Bracelet, fitted with the Company's Patent Safety Catch, £2 15s.



Pearls and Turquoise, £1 15s.



Fine Gold Lucky Bean Charm, set with Turquoise, 9s. 6d. Plain Gold, 6s.



Fine Gold, Diamond, Enamel, and Mother-of-Pearl Blouse Pins, in Lizard Skin Case, £4.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

At the last of his midday Advent addresses in St. Philip's Church, Dr. Gore referred to his transference to the new See of Birmingham, and said that no man could have received more kindness or more generous treatment than he had received in Birmingham. He added that the work of the new Bishopric would be enormously great. Wednesday of last week was marked by general rejoicings in Birmingham. The bells of St. Philip's were answered by the bells of St. Martin's.

The beautiful window placed in the Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral in memory of the late Dean Farrar was unveiled by the Archbishop on Saturday. Dr. Randall Davidson is to spend Christmas in his cathedral city. His volume of American sermons is receiving a warm welcome from the Press.

The illness of Canon McCormick has awakened widespread sympathy. In his youth the Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, was a daring mountaineer, and his name is mentioned in connection with some of the early Alpine exploits. He knew many of the pioneers who conquered the most dangerous Swiss peaks in the fifties and sixties. He was also captain of the Cambridge Eleven, and rowed in the race against Oxford in 1856.

The Bishop of Manchester has been calling attention to the poverty of the clergy in the richly endowed Church of England. Out of 14,000 benefices, 6000 are of a less value than £200 a year, and 1500 have a lower value than £150. He praised the heroic self-denial of many clergymen. He had known one man to whom a grant was made on account of his exceeding poverty, insist on giving the whole sum to his school, because he felt that the school needed the money more than he and his children did.

One of the oldest vergers of the United Kingdom, Mr. M. Morgan, of Llandaff Cathedral, has retired, after holding office for forty-four years. He saw the Cathedral transformed from a picturesque ruin into a stately house of prayer. Dean Vaughan once said, alluding to the way in which the clergy and lay

signs of new spiritual life. The Bishop of Llandaff and the Warden of St. Michael's College, Aberdare, are already throwing their powerful influence on the side of the revival movement.

Father Waggett has been preaching at the little Marylebone church of St. Cyprian, where a course of Advent lectures has been given on the duties of Christian fellowship. Remarking on the lack of fellowship in the Christian world, he pointed out that Christian work is delegated to a few persons. The truth is that the work of each is needed by all. V.



BRIGANDAGE IN MOROCCO: THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT'S HOUSE AT TANGIER, ATTACKED DECEMBER 2.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. WALTER B. HARRIS.

Incidents of lawlessness are continually reported from the neighbourhood of Tangier, and Mr. Walter Harris, the "Times" correspondent, narrowly escaped capture by brigands during the recent attack on his residence. Another British subject, Mr. Knott Hill, who lives a mile from Tangier, has been threatened with capture, and has demanded protection according to treaty. The Moorish guards posted at Mr. Harris's house were seized by the brigands and disarmed in the verandah figured above.

workers turned to the old verger for assistance when any difficulty arose—"Morgan is our Archbishop, is he not?"

The *Record* appeals to Churchmen in Wales to take advantage of the present revival and encourage the

castle, and other stations in the Northern counties; also on Dec. 23 and 30 cheap bookings to Darlington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other stations in Scotland.

PLAYER'S

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

"Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while."
—Browning.

Many smokers already know
what "magic" sleeps in a
"quiet pipe" of
PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE.

EVERY smoker may enjoy its
charms by purchasing a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tin
for 1/8 (Mild), or 1/6 (Medium).

The Medium strength (1/6 per
quarter) is the most popular.

Navy Mixture



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH. SCRUBB'S.

A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.
So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

**"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME
IN DEED."**

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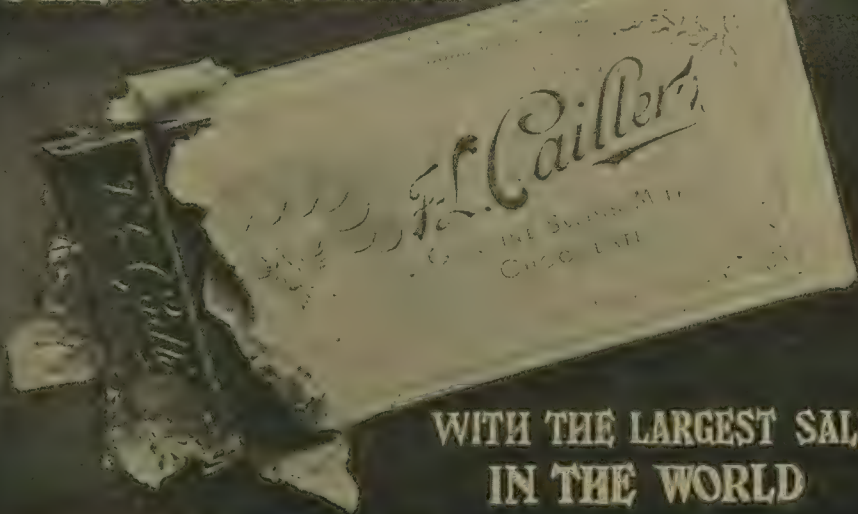
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1892), with two codicils, of **GEORGE MANNERS, LORD HASTINGS**, of Melton Constable, Norfolk; Seaton Delaval, Northumberland; and 9, Seymour Street, W., who died on Sept. 18, has been proved by Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart., and Lord Hillingdon, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £465,953. The testator devises all his lands, advowsons, and premises in Norfolk and Northumberland, in trust, for his son Albert Edward Delaval, now Lord Hastings, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, and his furniture, pictures, plate, and articles of vertu are to devolve as heirlooms therewith; but his Seaton Delaval property is charged with the payment of £2000 to his younger children; and one half of the net income from such estate is to be set aside for twenty years for the purposes of paying off all charges and incumbrances on his property. Lord Hastings states that, by the provisions of his marriage settlement, the Melton Constable estate will become on his decease chargeable with the payment of a jointure of £3000 per annum to his wife, and of £20,000 for his younger children. He gives £200 each to his executors; £2000, and the use of his town residence, and certain gold and silver plate and family jewels to his wife; £2000 and his share in the thoroughbred mare Jessamy to his friend, Stafford Thomas Cass; and many legacies to servants.

The residue of his personal property he leaves to his younger children.

The will (dated April 2, 1889) of **MR. ARTHUR PRYOR**, of Hylands, near Chelmsford, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Dec. 1 by Arthur Vickris Pryor and Robert Pryor, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £139,313. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Sophia Pryor, £1250 per annum, and the use of his house and furniture, and a sum of £20,000 is to be held, in trust, for her, for life, and then as to one fourth each, in trust, for his daughters Katherine, Mrs. Lucy Elizabeth Powell, Mrs. Edith Louisa Sutton, and Mrs. Emily Grimston. He gives 450 shares in Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., brewers, to his son Robert; and the following legacies are to be paid after the decease of Mrs. Pryor, but to bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent. in the meantime—namely, £12,300 to the children of his daughter Mrs. Powell; £15,000 to his daughter Mrs. Sutton; £15,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his deceased son Edmund; £15,000 to the daughters of his deceased child Mrs. Grimston; £20,000, in trust, for his daughter Katherine; and £25,000, in trust, for his son Roderick. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Arthur Vickris.

The will (dated May 19, 1898), with five codicils, of the **HON. ADELAIDE AUGUSTA WILHELMINA HUNLOKE**, of Wingerworth Hall, Derby, and 8, Lennox Gardens, S.W., who died on Sept. 20, has been proved by the

Hon. Frederick John Fitz-Roy, and the Hon. William Sidney, the value of the estate being £116,596. The testatrix gives the silver inkstand with the royal arms and monogram of King William and Queen Mary, and various pictures to devolve as heirlooms with the Penshurst estate; £8000 to and £7000 in trust for her nephew the Hon. Algernon Sidney; £12,000 to and £7000 in trust for her nephew the Hon. William Sidney; £7000 in trust for her niece the Hon. Mary Sophia Sidney if a spinster, or £3500 if married; £10,000 in trust for her sister Countess Kielmansegg, for life, and then for her nephews William and Algernon; £1000 each to Kathleen Perceval and Madame Augusta de Peyron; and £12,000 for the payment off of any charges on the Penshurst estate. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephews William and Algernon Sidney and Lord de l'Isle and Dudley.

The will (dated March 2, 1904) of **MR. JAMES HIGHAM**, of Barnsley House, Urmston Lane, Stretford, Lancashire, has been proved by Mrs. Alice Higham, the widow, and John Woolf Higham, the son, the value of the estate being £105,112. The testator leaves all his property, in trust, for his wife for life, and then in equal shares to his five children, James William, John Woolf, Charles Herbert, Ada Alice Ridge, and Mary Elizabeth Hancock.

The will (dated April 30, 1896) of **MR. WILLIAM NEALE FONNEREAU**, of The Moat, Ipswich, who died

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on Sept. 18. has been proved by Mrs. Andrina Mary Josephine Fonnereau, the widow, and Lucas Temple Cobbold, the value of the real and personal property amounting to £82,728. The testator gives £200 and his jewels and wines, and during her widowhood the use of his residence, with the furniture, etc., to his wife; and £100 per annum each to his younger children. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he settles on his eldest son.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1898) of MR. WILLIAM HENRY KITSON, J.P., of Shipway House, Torquay, who died on Aug. 23, has been proved by Mrs. Edith Janet Kitson, the widow, and John Kitson, the brother, the value of the real and personal estate being £80,059. The testator gives £5000 and the household furniture to his wife; and small legacies to clerks at the Torquay Bank and to his servants. The Shipway estate and all other his messuages, lands, and premises, except two houses in Torquay, he settles on his brother John and his heirs male, and various articles are to devolve as heirlooms therewith. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life and then to his brother John.

The will (dated July 11, 1899), with a codicil (of Dec. 28, 1900), of SIR FREDERIC ABERNETHY BURROWS, Bart., of 33, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.,

who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Dec. 6 by Dame Constance Fanny Burrows, the widow, Herbert Burrows Willett, the nephew, and Seymour Augustus Beaumont, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £62,826. Under the provisions of the will of his father, the late Sir George Burrows, he appoints a jointure of £350 to his wife, and he gives to her £3000, his freehold premises, Highclere, Westgate-on-Sea, and all the household furniture. He further gives to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, £50; to the St. Marylebone School for Girls, £50; to his brother Ernest Pennington Burrows, £100; to his sister Rose Ellen Willett, £100; and many small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for Lady Burrows while she remains his widow, and subject thereto as to £5000 to his daughter Beatrice Fanny Burrows, and the ultimate residue, in trust, for her and her children.

The will (dated March 9, 1901) of the REV. THOMAS BARKER HARDY, of Narborough Rectory, Leicester, has been proved by Mrs. Edith Hardy, the widow, and William Ebenezer Hardy and Frederick Hardy, the brothers, the value of the property amounting to £44,048. The testator gives £200 to his wife; £100 each to his brothers, and subject thereto leaves all his estate and

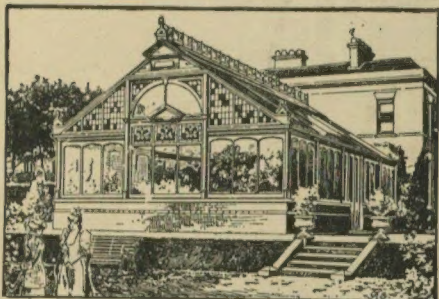
effects, in trust, for his wife while she remains his widow, and then for his children, the share of each son to be double that of each daughter.

Letters of administration of the effects of MR. GEORGE WILD GALVIN, better known as DAN LENO, of Springfield, Atkins Road, Clapham Park, who died on Oct. 31 intestate, have been granted to Mrs. Sarah Lydia Galvin, the widow, the value of the property being £10,994.

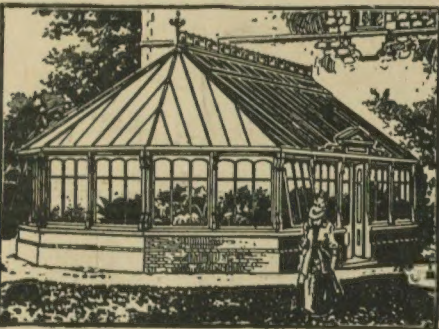
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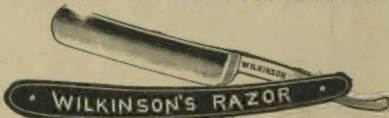
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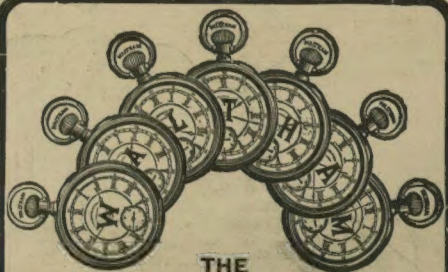
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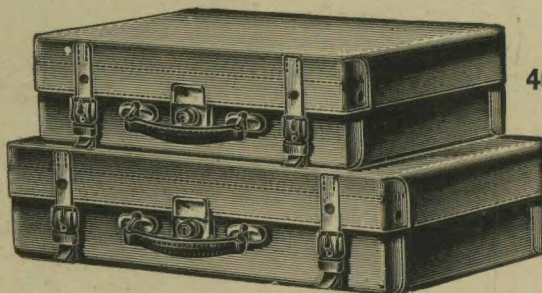
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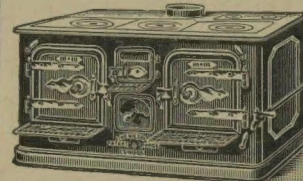
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